McKean County Miner.

BURT OLSON, Editor and Proprietor.

OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE COUNTY

TERMS: $1.25 Per Year

VOL. XXXIV. SMETHPORT, PA., FRIDAY, APRIL 30, 1897. NO. 16

Official Directory.

STATE.

Governor—Daniel H. Hastings.
Lieutenant Governor—Walter Lyon.
State Treasurer—Samuel M. Jackson.
Auditor General—Amos H. Mylin.
Sec'y of Internal Affairs—James Latta.

DISTRICT AND COUNTY.

President Judge—A. G. Olmsted, Coudersport.
Additional Law Judge—Thomas A. Morrison, Smethport.
Member of Congress—C. W. Stone, Warren.
State Senator—Walter T. Merrick, Blossburg.
Members of Assembly—Herman H. North, E. A. Dempsey, Bradford.
District Attorney—Sheridan Gorton, Smethport.
Sheriff—J. F. Davis, Smethport.
Prothonotary—G. W. Mitchell, Bradford.
County Treasurer—T. B. Clark, Bradford.
Commissioners—Wm. A. Young, Smethport; Lemuel Davis, Kane; Thomas F. Hungiville, Smethport.
Com'rs Clerk—S. D. Weaver, Kane.
Jury Com'rs—Walter Ostrander, W. R. Ford.
Auditors—C. W. Freeman, J. C. Cannon, Jr., Bradford; A. B. Cory, Corryville.
Mercantile Appraiser—I. T. Lenox, Mt. Alton.
Coroner—E. E. Sherman, Kendall Creek.
County School Sup't—J. E. Myers, Smethport.

BOROUGH.

Burgess—D. K. Hogarth.
Council—D. C. Young, Henry Reiver, A. T. Palmer, Chris Herzog, Wm. McCandless, F. D. Gallup, Chas. Johnson, Burg Chadwick, Carl Bauer.
Justices—E. L. Knapp, F. Ford.
Constable—H. L. Burlingame.
School Director—John Forrest, D. C. Young, T. A. Morrison, E. E. Mayo, D. M. Brastad, L. W. Dent.
Collector—E. T. Daly.
Assessor—W. A. Young.
Ass't Assessors—D. C. Young, Wm. Kamer.
Auditors—J. B. Mellon, C. R. Mayo, and J. A. Taylor.
Judge of Election—Henry Bieser.
Inspectors of Election—C. H. Burlingame, Jno. Hungerford.

Lodge Directory.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 388, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 7½ o'clock p. m., at Masonic Hall, Main street.
H. C. WELLS, W. M.
W. F. SPECHT, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 389, meets Friday evening at 8 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work initiatory degree 1st meeting of each month; 2d degree on second, 3d degree on third, and 2d degree on fourth meetings.
A. HAGBERG, N. G.
J. C. GALLUP, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment No., 272 meets the First and Third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.
E. G. FELTON, Chief Patriarch.
H. M. CHOATE, Scribe.

CIVILLA REBEKAH LODGE, No. 50, I.O.O.F.—Meets every Monday evening at I. O. O. F. Hall.
HELEN S. MORRISON, N. G.
ESTELLA E. GALLUP, Secy.

G. A. R.—McKean Post No. 347, meets First and Third Thursday evening, of each month at 7:30 o'clock, in the A. O. U. W. Hall Backus Block.
H. M. CHOATE, Com.
E. L. BURLINGAME, Adjutant.

W. R. C.—Meets Thursday afternoon at A. O. U. W. Hall, Backus Block.
MRS. KATE L. WRIGHT, Prest.
MRS. ROSE PRINCE, Sec'y.

KNIGHTS OF ST. JOHN AND MALTA—Keystone Encampment, No. 77, meet 1st and 3d Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall.
E. L. KNAPP, Em. Com.
E. T. DOWNEY, Chancellor.

A. O. U. W.—Smethport Lodge, No. 182, meets second, fourth and last Tuesday evenings of each month in the A. O. U. W. Hall, Backus Block.
SHERIDAN GORTON, M. W.
J. C. GALLUP, Recorder.

E. A. U.—Smethport Union, No. 569, meets on Second and Fourth Wednesday evenings of each month in I. O. O. F. hall.
E. L. KEENAN, President.
MRS. S. M. VICKERY, Secretary.

K. O. T. M.—Smethport Tent, No. 9, meets every Monday evening at 7:30 in A. O. U. W. hall, Backus Block.
WASHINGTON STARK, Com.
W. H. MORRISON, R. K.

L. O. T. M.—Brown Hive, No. 40. Meets in A. O. U. W. hall, Backus Block, Tuesday afternoons.
MRS. ANNA B. GIFFORD, Com.
MISS MYRTLE GIFFORD, R. K.

C. M. B. A.—Smethport Branch 85, meets second and fourth Wednesdays of each month at W. C. T. U. hall, Backus block, at 7:30 p. m.
JAMES LYNCH, Pres't.
THOMAS CLARK, Rec. Secy.

W. C. T. U.—Meets every alternate Saturday afternoon at 2 p. m., in the M. E. Chapel.
MRS. D. L. FORSYTHE, Prest.
MRS. H. B. RICHMOND, Sec'y.

P. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No 26, meets on First and Third Wednesday evenings of each month in Backus Hall. DR. CHADWICK, Pres. WM. HAMSEN, Secy.

Churches

Methodist Episcopal—JOHN WENTWORTH SALISBURY, A. M., Pastor. Class Meeting, Sunday morning at 10 o'clock. Preaching at 10:30 a. m. Sunday School at 11:45 a. m. Junior League at 4 p. m. Epworth League at 6:30 p. m. Preaching at 7:30 p. m. Young People's and Teacher's meeting Friday at 7:30 p. m.

Baptist.—REV. T. R. TAYLOR, pastor. Preaching every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Bible school directly after morning services. Prayer meeting on Wednesday evenings at 7 o'clock. Young People's prayer meeting at 7:00 p. m. every Sunday evening. Covenant meetings Saturday before the first Sunday in each month at 2 o'clock p. m., and the Lord's Supper on the first Sunday of every second month. All are welcome.

Episcopal.—J. HUBBS MCCANDLESS, Rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Additional services at 8 a. m., except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m.

All Saint's Memorial Chapel—East Smethport—REV. J. HUBBS MCCANDLESS, Rector. Divine services every Sunday at 3:00 p. m. Sunday School 2:30 p. m. The Ladies' Guild meets every Friday at 10 a. m.

St. Elizabeth Catholic Church.—Rev. Michael Flood, pastor. Mass at 11 a. m. Service at 11:30 a. m. Sunday School at 3 p. m. Services on each alternate Sunday at Smethport and Clermont.

Union Services at King's Corners school house, East Smethport, every Sunday. Sunday School at 1:45 p. m. Preaching at 3:30 p. m. by Rev. T. R. Taylor.

[illegible]—REV. W. BURROWS, Pastor. Services every Sunday morning at 10:30 a. m., 7:30 p. m.; Sunday school at 11:30 a. m.; Class Meeting, 10 a. m. and after evening preaching; Children's Meeting, Saturday 1:30 p. m. All are invited.

Clermont church—J. M. Leach, pastor. Services every Sunday at 1:30 p. m.; Sunday School at 1:30 p. m.; Gospel Service Wednesday evening. All are invited.

Professional Cards.

Attorneys.

R. B. Stone,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW. Office: Pompelon Hall, Bradford, Pa.

Berry & Edgett,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, Rooms 4 and 5½ Berry & Morris Block, Bradford, Pa.

BYRON D. HAMLIN. JOHN FORREST.
Hamlin & Forrest
LAW AND LAND OFFICE, Smethport, Pa. Office of the lands of Hamlin & Forrest (formerly Hamlin & Co.) situated in the counties of McKean, Potter, Cameron, Clinton and Clearfield.

Sheridan Gorton,
ATTORNEY AT LAW and District Attorney of McKean County. Office in the Court House, Smethport, Pa.

Bouton & Gallup,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW. All legal business promptly and carefully attended to. Office over Hamlin's Bank, Smethport, Pa.

R. R. SHERMAN,
PENSION ATTORNEY Claims prosecuted under both old and new law. Special attention given to claims under Act of June 27, 1890. Address
KENDALL CREEK, MCKEAN CO., PA.

E. L. Keenan,
ATTORNEY AT LAW. Office opposite Chautauqua House, Smethport, Pa. All legal business attended to promptly.

M. H. Byles,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW. Room: Masonic Temple Building, Bradford, Pa.

C. E. Judd
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Over 18 Main street, Davis Block, Bradford, Pa. Dec. 20, 1894.

M. R. Mayo,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Office in Odd Fellows' Building, over the Post Office, Smethport, Pa. Office connected with long distance telephone.

P. R. Cotter,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Eldred, Pa. Will promptly attend to all business entrusted to his care.

A. S. HECK,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Office: COUDERSPORT, PA.
N. E. Cor. Main & Third Sts., in Mann & Ormsand building.

G. S. SHAFFER. R. K. SHAFFER.
Shaffer & Shaffer,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
KANE, PENNA.
Office in Bohlinger Block.

N. R. Collins & Co.,
88 Main St., BRADFORD, PA.,
Proprietors of the
Celebrated "Gold Leaf" Whiskies,
Gold Leaf Rye, "Two Stamp," Distilled Spring '93.

NEW YORK, October 28, 1896.

I have made a careful chemical analysis of your Spring 1893 Gold Leaf Rye, and have obtained the following results:

Specific gravity at 60 degrees F. 0.9237.
Alcohol, by volume per cent 55.2, equal no 120 degrees proof.
Fusel oils, by volume per cent 0.18.
Dry residue, by weight per cent, 0.1545.
Tannic acid (from the wood) per cent, 0.0193.

I find the said Whiskey free from injurious or objectionable matters.

G. ROSSATI,
Analyst of the Italian Government.

We guarantee sales to be satisfactory.
Goods plainly boxed and sealed if desired.
Correspondence solicited.
Send for Price Lists.

Mention the *Miner* when writing or calling.

Physicians.

H. L. McCoy.
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, office in E. S. McCoy's drug store, Main street, Smethport Pa.

Dr. Burg Chadwick,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. Office next door to the Palace Pharmacy. Office hours till 10 A. M., 1 to 3; 6 to 8 P. M.

John Clark, M. D. C. M.
Office and Residence in Reilly Block, Smethport, Pa. Office Hours, 8 to 10 a. m. and 1 to 3 p. m.

J. C. Brown,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. Office in Gleason Building, Smethport, Pa.

G. E. Benninghoff,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, 21 Main St., Bradford, Pa. Special attention given to surgery and surgical diseases of women. Office hours from 1:30 to 3:30 and 7 to 8 p. m.

Robert Hamilton, M. D., C. M.,
Office and Residence in Reilly Block, Smethport, Pa. Office hours 8 to 9:30 a. m. and 1 to 3 p. m.

DR. EVAN O'N. KANE,
SURGEON,
AND
CONSULTING PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON
Surgeon Kane Summit Hospital, Kane, Pa.
In telegrams state name of attending physician if any. All summons promptly attended by day or night.

DR. E. R. BAKER,
DENTIST.
Teeth extracted without pain. All kinds of dental work done promptly and satisfaction guaranteed.
Office over McCoy's Drug Store.

A. E. SMITH, M. D.
Specialist.
EYE, EAR, NOSE AND THROAT.
Office hours 1 to 3 and 7 to 8 p. m.
96 Barry St., Opp. Park, OLEAN, N. Y.

HOTELS.

GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL,
JAMES McGUIRE, Prop'r.
Main Street, Smethport, Pa.,
This hotel has recently been renovated and refurnished. The table and bar constantly supplied with the best the market affords. First-class in every respect. Rates reasonable.

CHAUTAUQUA HOUSE
Main street, Smethport, Pa., Daniel Bacon, Proprietor.
This House has recently been greatly improved in all its appointments, making it one of the most convenient hotels in the county. Good beds and attentive clerks. The tables are supplied with all the delicacies of the season. A liberal share of the public patronage is respectfully solicited.

THE FLEMING HOTEL,
TWO DOORS NORTH OF BANK,
KANE - PA.
This Hotel has been recently built and is newly furnished throughout in the latest style.
First-class accommodations for the traveling public.
JOHN FLEMING, Proprietor.

HOTEL IMPERIAL,
GEO. P. BABCOCK, PROP.
UNION ST., OPPOSITE PARK,
OLEAN, N. Y.
Having taken possession of the above Hotel I am prepared to entertain my old friends, and new ones as well, in the proper manner. Come and see me.

SARTWELL HOUSE,
PORT ALLEGANY, PA.
Having recently purchased the above Hotel, and made extensive improvements, I am prepared to cater to the traveling public.
C. S. KING, PROPRIETOR.

Hotel La Mont
RECENTLY ENLARGED.
Fraley St., Kane, Penna.
DICK DONOVAN, - - PROPRIETOR.
The LaMont is located four doors from the depot, and is equipped with all conveniences for the comfort of guests.

CROWELL HOUSE,
COUDERSPORT, PA.
WM. M. VANBUREN, Proprietor.
First-class accommodations.
Free Bus to and from all trains.

BAYER HOUSE,
CLERMONT, PENNA.
This house has just been rebuilt and refurnished. The tables are supplied with the best the market affords and the accommodations are all that can be desired. The bar is supplied with the best brands of liquors and cigars.
BOYD & SMITH, Proprietors.
Oct. 16 1894—1y.

FOSTER HOUSE,
W. L. FOSTER, Prop.
Lewis Run, Penna.
New house, new furniture. First-class in every respect. Particular attention paid to the traveling public. Good sample rooms for commercial men.

CHADWICK HOUSE,
CHARLES ADAMS, Proprietor,
Ludlow, Penn'a.
First-class in every respect.
Well supplied Bar.
Reasonable Rates.

THE PALACE HOTEL,
PETERSON BROS., PROP'RS.
103 UNION STREET, OLEAN, N. Y.
On EUROPEAN PLAN.

HENDERSON HOUSE,
Cor Webster & Corydon Sts.,
BRADFORD, PA.
First-class in every respect.
Convenient to Railway Stations.
J. C. BRENNEMAN, Proprietor.

FARLEY CAFE,
BURDICK & HARVEY, PROP'RS,
UNION ST., OLEAN, N. Y.
Having purchased this cafe, we have refitted and refurnished it throughout and are now prepared to cater to the wants of the public in an up-to-date manner. The finest wines liquors and cigars always in stock.

HOTEL IMPERIAL,
J. L. ANDREWS, Propr.,
75 and 77 MAIN ST. BRADFORD, PA.
First-class in every respect. Bar is supplied with the best wines and liquors. European plan.

THOMPSON HOUSE,
E. H. THOMPSON, PROP'R,
COUDERSPORT, PA.
Having recently purchased the above property and refitted and refurnished it throughout, I am prepared to entertain the public at large. The best of table service furnished.

BARBER SHOP,
Alfred Sturdveint.
Next door to Gallup's Store, Main St.
Shaving Hair and Dressing
In the latest style of art.
None but first-class workmen employed.
Alfred Sturdveint, Surgeon Chiropodist. Corns removed in a few minutes without pain or soreness. Also treatment for Bunions and ingrowing nails.
BATH ROOMS ATTACHED.

BLACKSMITH SHOP,
GEORGE HOWE, Proprietor,
East Smethport, Pa.
Having opened business in the above place, I am now prepared to do all kinds of repairing of wagons, horseshoeing &c. Satisfaction guaranteed.

Mansfield State Normal School.
Intellectual and practical training for teachers. Five courses of study besides preparatory. Special attention given to preparation for college. Students admitted to best colleges on certificate. Great advantages for special study in art and music. Model school of three hundred and fifty pupils. Corps of sixteen teachers. Beautiful grounds. Magnificent buildings. Large ground for athletics. Elevator. Infirmary with attendant nurse. Fine gymnasium. Everything furnished at average cost to normal students of $143 a year. Fall term, Aug. 26, winter term, Nov. 30, spring term, March 14. Students admitted to classes at any time. *For catalogue, containing full information, apply to*
S. H. ALBRO, Principal,
Mansfield, Pa.

REMOVED TO
The CALLAR BLOCK
JOHN MILLER.
THE FASHIONABLE TAILOR
CUTS OF LATEST STYLES
Free for the Inspection of Customers
Neatest of Fits Guaranteed.
GIVE ME A TRIAL.
Mention the *Miner* when writing or calling.

For a
FINE, HOT OYSTER STEW
Step into the
Novelty Restaurant.
New York Counts,
Clams, Cigars and
Fine Confectioneries
Always on Hand.
THOMAS YOUNG, PROP'R.

STOP AND SEE
Holder, the Grocery Man
Opera House Block, Smethport, Pa.,
Who solicits a share of your patronage.
HIGH GRADE. LOW PRICES.

GET AN EDUCATION
EDUCATION and fortune go hand in hand. Get an education at the Central State Normal School, Lock Haven, Pa. First-class [illegible] For circulars and [illegible] address [illegible], Ph. D., Principal, Central State Normal School, Lock Haven, Pa.

THE SILENT WITNESS.

By HERBERT D. WARD.

[Copyright, 1897, by the Author.]

There are many hamlets in New Hampshire five, ten miles or even more from the railroad station. To the chance summer visitor the seclusion and the rest seem entrancing. The glamour of mountain scenery and trout effectually obliterates the brave signs of poverty and struggle from before the irresponsive eyes of the man of city leisure. He carelessly gives the urchin mutely pleading in front of the unpainted farmhouse a few cents for his corrugated cake of maple sugar and asks the name of a distant peak. If he should notice, how would he know the meaning of the scant crops of hay and potatoes, or of the empty stall? Sealed to him is the pathos in the history of the owners of the stone farm. His thoughts scarcely glance at the piteous wife plaiting straw hats, the only son, whose rare happiness consists in a barn dance in the village three miles below, and whose large eyes contract with increasing age and lose all expression except that of anxiety.

There was a time perhaps when the backbone of the new world used to be straightened by men of a mountain birth. The question whether the hills of Vermont and New Hampshire produce giants of trade or law today as they did 50 years ago is an open one. So the grand old stock is run out of the soil? And is it replaced by the sons and grandsons of those sturdy farmers themselves who buy back the rickety homesteads and remodel them into summer cottages?

Michael Angelo said that "men are worth more than money," and if what was an axiom then is true in these fallen days of purse worship Mrs. Abraham Masters was the richest woman under the range of Mount Kearsarge, for her son Isaac was the tallest, the strongest, the tenderest and truest boy in the county, but her farm of 100 acres, the only inheritance from a dead husband, was about the poorest, most unprofitable and most inaccessible collection of bowlders in the mountains.

It was situated upon the cold shoulder of a hill 16 miles from the nearest station. The three mile trail which led from the village would have been easier to travel could it have boasted a corduroy road. What a site for a hotel! Yet the hotel did not materialize, and the "view" neither fed nor warmed nor clothed the patient proprietors of the desolate spot.

"Never mind. I reckon we'll pull through," Isaac used to comfort his mother.

"You're a good boy, Ikey. If the Lord is willin, I guess I am," she answered with quaint devoutness.

But the Lord did not seem to be willing, and one spring he caused a late frost in June to kill most of the seed and a drought in July, and August to wither what was left, and starvation stared in the faces of the widow and her son. At this time Isaac began to "keep company" and to talk of getting married in the next decade. He was 22, and had a faithful, saving disposition when there was anything to save. And whether he became engaged because there was nothing but love to harvest or whether, womanlike, Abbie Faxon loved him better than she did her other suitors because of his poverty and misery, and was willing to tell him so, I cannot pretend to decide. At any rate, Isaac brought Abbie one afternoon from the village, three miles below, and the two women kissed and wept, and Isaac went out and stood alone facing the view. The apple in his throat rose and fell, and great tears blinded his sight.

We can make no hero of Isaac, for he was none. His heart was as simple and as clean as a pebble in a brook. Country vices had not smirched him. He had a mind only for his mother and the farm and earning a living—and a heart for Abbie. Great thoughts did not invade his head. But this afternoon, as he stood there on the gray rock, his heart bursting with his happiness, which was made perfect by his mother's blessing, an apprehension for the future, bitter, breathless, began to arouse him. The promise of the horizon suddenly became revealed to him. The distant line of green, now bold, now sinuous, now uncertain, had never asked him questions before, had never exasperated him with a meaning.

But now he saw the tips of spires flecking the verdure of the faroff valleys. He saw the hurrying smoke of a locomotive. He saw with awakening vision starting from that dead farm of his the region of trade and life. A film had fallen from his eyes. The energetic arrow of love had touched his ambition, and his round, rosy face became indented with lines of resolve.

He turned and walked with a new tread into the house.

"Mother! Abbie!" he blurted out. "I'm goin away. I'm goin to Boston." He stopped and stammered as he saw the horror stricken faces before him.

"Lord o' mercy!"

"Ikey, air you teched?"

"No," he resumed stoutly, "I be'ant. There's Dan Prentiss—he went. See what he done. And Uncle Bill, he"—

"We hain't heard nothin from your Uncle Bill since he sot out. That was 13 years ago, the spring your father built them three feet on the shed." Mrs. Masters spoke firmly.

"Never mind, mother. I'm goin to Boston, and I will come back. I'm goin to earn my livin. I'm strong and willin and as able as Dan Prentiss. You needn't be scared. I ain't goin yet. I'll finish up the fall work fust. I'm goin for the winter anyway, and Abbie'll come and live with you, mother—won't you, Abbie, dear? She's the only mother you've got now. Your folks can spare you."

Here Abbie announced bravely, "I will, Ikey, if you must go."

She blushed deeply as she said it, and the sight of her pretty color so moved the young man that, having the bashfulness of his native crops, he rushed out into the glory of the sunset and sat upon the granite bowlder watching until the gray, the purple and then the black had washed out the white steeples from the distant valley.

Isaac Masters was of the bowlder type. How many decades was the smooth worn rock in front of his house riding on the crest of a glacier, until it reached its halt? But now it would need a double charge of dynamite to shake it from its base. It generally took the mountain lad days, perhaps weeks, to make up his mind, even upon such a simple problem as the quantity of grain his horse should have at a feed when the spring planting began, but when once his intention was fixed it withstood all opposition. But this time he was astonished at his own temerity of mind, as his mother and sweetheart were, and the more profoundly he pondered over the gravest decision of his life the more did it seem to him an inspiration, perhaps from the Deity Himself.

But Isaac was formed in too simple and honest a mold to delude the two women or himself with [illegible] dreams of success. He had wrestled with the rugged farm, bitterly, [illegible] He had fought the rocks, and the weeds, and the soil, the frost and the drought as one fights for his life, and never had a thought of food or of comfort visited him unaccompanied by the necessity for labor.

"I can work 14 hours a day, mother, and live upon pork and beans as well as the next man." He stood to his full height, displaying to the pale woman the outlines of massive muscular development. His hands were huge and callous, their grip the terror of his mates after a husking bee. He had measured his great strength but once. That was in the dead of winter, with the snow drifted five feet deep between the barn and the house. A heifer, well grown, had been taken sick and needed warmth for recovery. Isaac swung the sick beast over his shoulders, holding its two legs in each hand before his head, and strode through the storm, subduing the battling snow with as much ease as he did the bellowing calf. His mother met him at the wood shed door. Behind the gladiator rose the forbidding background of a stark mountain range, but to her astonished and unfocused sight her son seemed greater than the mountain and more compelling than its peaks. From that hour his whisper was her law, and from that day—for how could the adoring mother help telling her quarterly caller all about the heifer?—Isaac had no more wrestling matches in the valley.

August burned into September, and September, triumphant in her procession of royal colors, marched into October, the month of months. Mrs. Masters had already completed her pathetic preparations for her son's departure. There in the family carpetbag, which his father had carried with him on his annual trip to Portland, were stowed a half dozen pairs of well darned woolen stockings, the few decent shirts that Isaac had left, his winter flannels, which had already served six years, his comb and brush, a hand mirror that had been one of his mother's wedding presents, likewise a couple of towels that had formed a part of her self made trousseau, and we must not forget the neckties that Abbie had sewed from remnants of her dresses and which Isaac naively considered masterpieces of the haberdasher's art.

At the mouth of the deep bag Mrs. Masters tucked a Bible which 50 years ago had been presented to her husband by his Sunday school teacher as a prize for regular attendance. This inscription was written in a wavering hand upon the blank page:

"In the eighth year of the reign of Josiah, while he was yet young, he began to seek after the God of David his father.—II Chronicles xxxiv, 3."

"For," said Mrs. Masters softly to Abbie, after she had read the inscription aloud and had patted the book affectionately, "this is the first prize my Josiah ever had, and the Lord knows he thought more on it than he did of Lucy, his mare. And if there should happen any accident to Isaac they'd find by opening of his bag that if he was alone in a far country he was a Christian, nor ashamed of it neither."

Isaac had only money enough saved up to take him as far as Boston and to board him in the cheapest way for several days.

"If I can't work," he said proudly, straightening to his full height, "no one can!"

It is just such country lads as this—strong, self reliant, religious—who, when poverty has projected them out of her granite mountains upon granite pavements, each as hard and bleak as the other, by massive determination have conquered a predestined success.

Too soon for those who were to be left behind the day of separation came. Mrs. Masters' haggard face and Abbie's red eyes told of unuttered misery.

But Isaac did not notice these signs of distress. He was absorbed in his future. The last bustle was over, the last breakfast gulped down amid forced smiles and ready tears, the last button sewed on at the last moment, and now Mrs. Masters' lunch of mince pie, apples and doughnuts was tenderly tucked into the jaws of the carpetbag, thereby disturbing a love letter that Abbie had hidden there. A young neighbor had volunteered to drive Isaac down the mountain to the station.

"All aboard! Hurry up, Ike!" cried this young person, consulting his silver watch, and casting a look of mingled commiseration and envy upon the giant, locked in the arms of the two women, who hardly reached to the second button of his coat. Isaac caught the glance and started to tear himself away. But his mother laid her gnarled hand gently upon his arm and led him into the unused parlor.

"Just a minute, Abbie, dear. I want to be alone with my boy." She waved the girl back. "Then you can have him last. It's my right and your'n."

She closed the door and led him under the crayon portrait of his father, framed in immortelles. She raised her arms, and he stooped that they might clasp about his neck.

"Isaac," she said hoarsely, "I ain't no longer young nor very strong. Remember 'fore you go away from the farm that you're the son of an honest man and a pious woman, and"—dropping with great solemnity into Scriptural language—"I beseech you, my son, not to disgrace your godly name."

With partings like this the primitive Christians must have sent their sons into the whirlwind of the world.

Then Isaac broke for the first time, and with the tears streaming he lifted his mother bodily in his arms and promised her and kissed her. "Mother trusts you, Ikey," was all she could say. But his time had come. There was a crunching of wheels.

"Now go to Abbie. Leave me here. Goodby. You have always been a good boy, dear." Mrs. Masters' voice sank into a whisper. The strong man, moved as he was, could not comprehend her exhaustion.

Abbie was waiting for him at the door, and he went to her. The impatient wagon had gone down the road. They were to cut through the pasture and meet it at the brook. There they were to part.

They clasped hands. Isaac turned. A gaunt, gray face, broken, helpless, hopeless, peered out beneath the green paper shade of the parlor window. If he had known—a doubt crossed his brain, but the girl twitched his hand, and the cloud scattered. Down the hill they ran, down, until the brook was reached. There they stood, panting, breathless, listening. There were only a few minutes left, and they hid behind an oak tree and clasped.

It was long after dark when the train came to its halt in its vaulted terminus. It was due at 7, but an excursion on the road delayed it until after 9. However, this did not disconcert Isaac Masters. He hurried out to the front of the station where the row of hackmen greeted him savagely. Carrying his father's old carpetbag, he looked, from his faded hat to his broad toes, the ideal country bumpkin. Yet his head was not turned by the rumbling of the pavements, the whirl of the electrics, the blaze of the arc lights, nor by the hectic inhabitants [illegible] His breath came fast and his great chest rose and fell. These were the only indications of acclimation. Isaac had started from home absolutely without any "pull" or introduction but his own willingness to work. Utterly ignorant of the city and knowing no one in it, on the way down in the train he had marked out a line of conduct from which he determined not to be swerved.

To the mountain mind the city policeman becomes the embodiment of a righteously executed law. At home their only constable was one of the most respected men in the community. Isaac argued from experience—and how else should he? This was his syllogism:

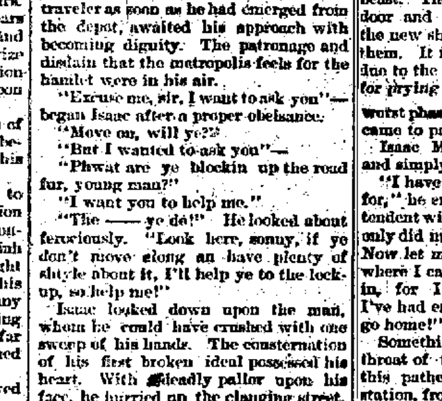
A policeman is the most respectable of men in my town.

This man before me is a policeman.

Therefore he must be the most upright man in the city. I will go to him for advice.

The city casuist might have smiled at the major premise and laughed at the ingenuous conclusion. Yet if brass buttons, a cork hat and a "billy" are the emblems of guardianship and probity the country boy has the right argument on his side and the casuist none at all.

It never occurred to Isaac that the policeman could either make a mistake of judgment or meditate one. Therefore he approached the guardian of the peace confidently.



"I can work fourteen hours a day."

This gentleman, who had noticed the traveler as soon as he had emerged from the depot, awaited his approach with becoming dignity. The patronage and disdain that the metropolis feels for the hamlet were in his air.

"Excuse me, sir, I want to ask you"—began Isaac after a proper obeisance.

"Move on, will ye?"

"But I wanted to ask you"—

"Phwat are ye blockin up the road fur, young man?"

"I want you to help me."

"The —— ye do!" He looked about ferociously. "Look here, sonny, if ye don't move along an have plenty of shtyle about it, I'll help ye to the lockup, so help me!"

Isaac looked down upon the man, whom he could have crushed with one sweep of his hands. The consternation of his first broken ideal possessed his heart. With a deadly pallor upon his face, he hurried up the clanging street, and the coarse laughter of brutes tingled in his ears. He swallowed this rough inhospitality, which is the hemlock that poisons country faith. Take from the pavement enough dust to cover the point of a penknife and insert it in the arm of a child, and in a week it will be dead with tetanus. After this first encounter with the protectors of the people Isaac feels as if his soul had been bedaubed with mud. He experienced a contracting tetanus of the heart. Had he not planned all the lonesome day to cast himself upon the kindness of the first policeman whom he saw? What other guide or protector was there left for him in the strange city? The rebuff which he had received half annihilated his intelligence.

Isaac could no more put up at the great hotel he saw on his right than the majority of us can take a trip to Japan. Isaac hurried on. Why did he leave home? The fear of a great city is more teasing than the terror of a wilderness or of a desert. There the trees, or the rocks, or the sand befriends you. But in the city the penniless stranger has no part in people or home or doorsteps. Every one's heart is against him. It is the anguish of hunger amid plenty, the rattling of thirst amid rivers of wine, the serration of loneliness amid humanity thicker than barnacles upon a wharf pile. Such a terror—not of cowardice, but of friendlessness—seized Isaac Masters, and a foreboding that he might possibly fail after all made his spine tingle. Still he drove on. He had passed through the main street, or across it—he did not know—until the electric lights cast dim shadows, until stately banks had given way to unkempt brick fronts, until the glittering barrooms had been exchanged for vulgar saloons, until—

Masters came to a sudden halt, and, dropping his bag, uttered a loud cry. The curtained door of a grogshop opened upon him. A hatless man dashed out, swearing horribly, and all but fell into Isaac's arms. With a cry of terror, the runner dodged the pedestrian and bolted down the street. Not 20 feet behind him bounded his pursuer.

By this time the country boy had slipped into the shadow of the building, where he could see without being seen. In that moment Isaac caught sight of a dazed group of men within and the profile of the pursuer against the hot light of the saloon. He saw a brute holding a pistol in his outstretched hand. Before Isaac understood the situation the weapon shot out two flames and two staccato reports. These were followed by the intense silence which is like the darkness upon the heels of lightning.

Isaac's eyes were now strained upon the creature who was shot. He saw the man stagger, throw up his hands and fall. He heard a groan. At that time the murderer with the smoking revolver was not more than ten paces away. As he fired he had stopped. When he saw his victim fall, he gave a hoarse laugh.

By this time the lights in the saloon were put out and its occupants had fled. The rustle of human buzzards flocking to the tragedy had begun. A motion that the murderer made to escape aroused the New Hampshire boy to a fierce sense of justice. A few bounds brought him by the side of the ruffian, who looked upon him with astonishment and then with inflamed fear. Isaac furiously struck the pointed pistol to the pavement and grasped the fellow's waist. Then he knew that he had almost met his match. Isaac held his opponent's left arm by the wrist and tightened the vise. The murderer held the boy around his neck with a contracting grip such as only a prizefighter understands. Neither spoke a word. It was power—power against skill.

There was a crash and a cry and a fall. But not until Isaac knew that the man under him was helpless did he utter a sound. Then he called, "Police, police!"

The answer was a blinding blow upon the crown of his head. Then, before his head swam away into unconsciousness, he felt a strange thing happen to his wrists.

* * * * *

The desk Sergeant, the captain and the superintendent are different beings from the officer of the street who has no [illegible] upon his shoulders. The one, having passed through all grades, is supposed to have been chosen not only because of his fidelity and bravery, but because of his discriminating gentleness or gentlemanliness. The other, a private of the force, often a foreigner, with foreign instincts and eager for promotion—that is, he means to make as many arrests as possible—confuses the difference between rudeness and authority, brutality and law. By the time he is a sergeant sense has been schooled into him, and he ought to know better.

The superintendent looked at Isaac steadily and not unkindly, while he listened to the officer's story.

"Off with those bracelets!" he said sternly.

Isaac Masters regarded the superintendent gratefully. For the first time since he had been rebuffed by the station policeman, his natural expression of trust returned to his face.

"I'll forgive him," said the boy of a simple, Christian education. "It was dark, and he made a mistake." Isaac wiped the clotted blood from his cheeks. "Can I go now?"

Even a less experienced man than the white haired superintendent would have known that the young man before him could no more have committed a crime or told an untruth than an oak. The policeman who had clubbed him, perhaps with the best intentions in the world, hung his head.

"Let me hear your story first." The superior officer spoke in the most fatherly tones. He really pitied the country lad.

"What is your name? Where do you come from? How did you get here? Tell me all about it. Here, sergeant, get him a glass of water first."

"Perhaps a little whisky would do him good," suggested a night hawk who had just opened the door of the reporters' room. Blood acts terribly upon even the most stolid imagination. Beneath that red streaked mask it needed all the experience of the superintendent to recognize the innocence of a juvenile heart. As Isaac in indignant refusal turned his disfigured head upon the youthful representative of an aged paper, he seemed to the thoughtless reporter the incarnation of a wounded beast. The young fellow opened the door and beckoned his mates in to see the new show that was enacting before them. It is only fair to say that it is due to the modern insanity of the press for prying into private affairs that the worst phase of the tragedy I am relating came to pass.

Isaac Masters told his story eagerly and simply.

"I have done nothin to be arrested for," he ended, looking at the superintendent with his round, honest eyes. "I only did my duty as anybody else would. Now let me go. Tell me, Mr. Officer, where I can get a decent night's lodgin, for I am goin home tomorrow. I've had enough of this city. I want to go home!"

Something like a sob sounded in the throat of the huge boy as he came to this pathetic end. Every man in the station, from the most hardened observer of crime to the most juvenile reporter of misery, was moved. Isaac, himself still dizzy from the effects of the blow, nauseated by the prison smell, the indescribable odor of crime which no disinfectants can overcome, confounded by the surroundings into which he had been cast and trembling with the nameless apprehension that all honest people feel when drawn into the arms of the law, swayed and swooned again.

The sergeant and the reporters (for they were not without kind hearts) busied themselves with bringing him to. From an opposite bench the murderer lowered, between scowls of pain, upon the man who had crushed him. There had been revealed to him a simplicity of soul residing in a body of iron. He saw that the country lad had fainted not from physical weakness, but because of mental anguish. Such an apparent disparity between mind and body had not been brought to the saloon keeper's experience before.

"He is the only witness, you say, officer?" inquired the chief. "Are you sure?"

"Yes, sorr!"

"We'll have to hold him, then. It's a great pity. I don't suppose he could get a $10 bail." The superintendent shook his gray head thoughtfully. His subordinates did the same with an exaggerated air of distress.

"Where am I? Oh!" What horror in that exhalation as Isaac realized the place he was in! He staggered to his feet.

"Give me my bag quick!" he exclaimed. "I will go."

"I'm afraid you can't go yet." The superintendent spoke as if he hated to do his duty.

"Not go? Why not? You have no right to hold an innocent man."

"In cases of assault and murder the witnesses must be held until they can furnish bail. That is the law." The white haired man hurried his explanation as if he were ashamed of it.

"I will come back."

The officer shook his head.

"I give you my word I will." Isaac clasped the rail pleadingly.

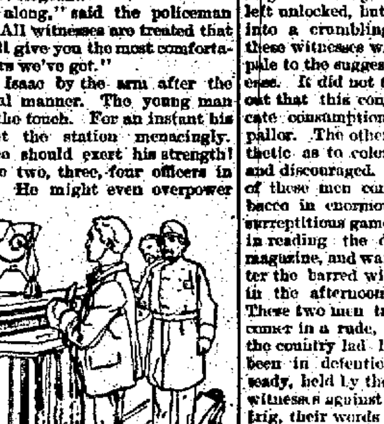
"I'll have to lock you up tonight. The judge will settle the amount of your bail tomorrow."

"Lock me up? I tell you, I have no friends here. How can I get bail? Where will you put me?"

"Show him his cell," replied the chief to his sergeant.

"Come along," said the policeman kindly. "All witnesses are treated that way. We'll give you the most comfortable quarters we've got."

He took Isaac by the arm after the professional manner. The young man flung off the touch. For an instant his eyes swept the station menacingly. What if he should exert his strength! There were two, three, four officers in the room. He might even overpower these and dash for liberty. He saw the livid reflection of electric lights through the windows. Unconsciously he contracted his sinews and tightened his muscles until they were rigid. Then the hopelessness of his position burst upon him like a red strontian fire. He felt blasted by his disgrace.



"Not go! Why not?"

"What are you doin to me?" he cried out. "Put me in prison? My God, this will kill my mother!"

The next morning at 10 o'clock Tom Muldoon was released on $10,000 bail. The surety was promptly furnished by the alderman of the —th ward. Muldoon was to present himself before the grand jury, which met the first Monday in each month. As this was the beginning of the month his appearance would not be required for three weeks at least, and by mutual agreement of the district attorney and the counsel for the defendant action might be put off for one or even for two months more, pending the recovery or eventual death of the assaulted. This would give the saloon keeper plenty of time for the two ribs that Isaac Masters had crushed to mend.

There are sensitive men and women who would go insane after spending an innocent night in a cell. In the driest, the largest, the best of them, there is everything to debase the manhood and nauseate the soul. The tin cup on the grated window sill, half filled with soup which the last occupant left; the cot to the right of the hopeless door, made of two boards and one straw mattress, and that necessity which is the nameless horror of such a narrow incarceration, that which suffocates and poisons; then the flickering jet up the concrete corridor, casting such fitful shadows by the prisoner's side that he starts from his cot in terror to touch the phantoms lest they be real; the alternate waves of choking heat and harrowing cold, the hammering of the steam pipes, the curses, the groans and the eruptive breathing of the stricken and the drunkards, the thoughts of home and friends and irreparable disgrace, the feeble hope that, after all, the family will not hear of this, so far away, and the despair because they will—mad thoughts of suicide, blasphemy, repentant tears and prayers, each chasing the other amid the persistent thought that all things are impotent, but freedom. Oh, what a night—what a night!

There are souls that have existed five—ten years under the courtine of Catherine in the Petropavlovskaya fortress, drugged, tortured, at last killed like rats in a hole. All the while the malediction banner of the Romanoffs writhes above them. What has been the power to keep alive thousands of prisoners in those bastions beyond the natural endurance of the flesh? The glory of principle.

No wonder that a ghastly face and haggard eyes and wavering steps followed the keeper to the American courtroom the next morning, for nothing could be tortured into a principle to stimulate Isaac's courage. It is easy to die for right, but not for wrong.

There were three short flights of iron that led past tiers of cells, through the tombs, into the prisoner's dock. Isaac dully remembered the huge coils of steam pipe that curled up the side of the wall. He thought of pythons. As he passed by the prisoners awaiting sentence held the rods of their doors in their hands like monkeys and swore and laughed and shot questions at the keeper as he passed along.

"Have you no friends in the city?" proceeded the judge after he had examined the witness.

Isaac shook his head disconsolately. "I have about $5, that is all, and my bag—and, sir, my character."

"Then I am afraid I shall have to hold you over in default of bail until the trial." The judge nodded to the sheriff to bring on the next case.

"Where are you takin me?"

"To the city jail," answered the sheriff curtly. "Come along." With a mighty effort Isaac wrenched himself loose and strode to the bar.

"Judge," he cried, "judge, you wouldn't do that! Let me go. I will come back to the trial. Look at me, judge. What have I done? Why should I be sent to prison? I am an honest man."

But the judge was used to such scenes, and he turned his head wearily away.

"The law requires the government to hold the witness in default of bail in cases of capital crime." The judge was a kind man, and he tried to do a kind act by explaining the subtle process of the law again to the lad. When he had done this, he nodded. And now the men approached Isaac to remove him, by force if necessary. But the New Hampshire boy stood before the bar of justice stolidly. His eyes wandered aimlessly and his lips muttered. *Paralysis* swept near him at that instant.

"Am—I—imprisoned because I am friendless and poor? Is this your law?"

The judge shrugged his shoulders, but many in the courtroom felt uncomfortable.

"Then," spoke Isaac Masters, rising to his greatest height and uplifting his hand as if to call God to witness, "if this is law, damn your law!" It was his first and last oath. Every man in the room started to his feet at the utterance of that supreme legal blasphemy. But the judge was silent. What sentence might he not inflict for such contempt of court? What sentence could he? The witness had no money wherewith to be fined, and he was going to prison at any rate. *The judge was great enough to put himself in Isaac's place.* He stroked his beard meditatively.

"Remove the witness," he said. This was sentence enough. Although two officers advanced cautiously, as if prepared for a tussle, a babe might have led the giant into the confines of hades by the pressure of its little finger, for Isaac wept.

* * * * * * *

There were two other witnesses in the whitewashed cell to which Isaac was assigned. It was on the south side and large and sunny and often the door was left unlocked, but the cell looked out into a crumbling graveyard. One of these witnesses was a boy of about 18, pale to the suggestion of a mortal disease. It did not take Isaac long to find out that this complexion did not indicate consumption, but was only prison pallor. The other prisoner was less pathetic as to color, but he was listless and discouraged. The only amusement of these men consisted in chewing tobacco in enormous quantities, playing surreptitious games of high, low, jack; in reading the daily paper, a single magazine, and waiting for the sun to enter the barred window and watching it in the afternoon as it slipped away. These two men tried to cheer the newcomer in a rude, hearty way, but when the country lad learned that they had been in detention for six months already, held by the government as main witnesses against the first mate of their brig, their words were as dust. They only choked him.

"What did you do," Isaac asked, "to get you in such a scrape?"

"We saw the mate shoot the cook; that's all."

"If I'd known," said the pale boy, with a look out of the window, "how Uncle Sam keeps us so long—I wished I hadn't said nothing. But we get a dollar a day; that's something." And with a sigh that he meant to engulf with his philosophy the boy turned his face away, so that Isaac should not suspect the tears that salted the flavor of the coarse tobacco.

The dark outlook, the hopeless future, the hopeless cell, the disordered table, the lazy life that deadened all activity but that of the imagination, the longing companionship, but above all things the thought of his mother and Abbie, and the brooding over what he dared to call an outrage perpetrated in the name of the law upon himself—these things made a turmoil of Isaac's brain. There was a daily conflict between the Christian and the criminal way of looking at his irreparable misfortune which he was surprised to find that even the possession of his father's Bible could not control.

There were times when it needed all his intelligence to keep him from springing on the keeper and running amuck in the wardroom simply for the sake of uttering a violent, brutal protest. Then there were hours when he was too exhausted to leave his cot. At such a time he wrote a letter, his first letter to his mother, and he made the keeper promise to have it mailed so that no one could possibly suspect that it started from a prison.

DEAR MOTHER—I have not written to you for three weeks, since I have been here, because I have been sick. I am now in a very safe place and am doin pretty well. I clear my food and board and 75 cents a day. I have not been paid yet. I think you had better not write to me until I can give you a permanent address. I read my Bible every day and love you more dearly than ever. I have tried to do my duty as you would have me. Give my love to Abbie. I will write soon again. Ever your affectionate son, ISAAC.

The simpleton! Could he not suspect that country papers copy from city columns all that is of special local interest and more? And did he not know that it is one of the disgraces of modern journalism that no department is so copiously edited, annotated and illustrated as that of criminal intelligence?

Could he not surmise that on the Saturday following his incarceration the very mountains rang with the news? That it should be mangled and turned topsy turvy and that in the eyes of his simple minded neighbors he should be thought of as the murderer by reason of his great strength? For how could it come into the intelligence of law abiding citizens and law respecting people that a man should be shut up in prison, no matter what the newspapers said, unless he had done something to deserve it? What did the mountaineers know about the laws of bail and habeas corpus? And could such news, gossiped by one neighbor, repeated by another, confirmed by a third, fail to reach the desolate farmhouse in which a woman, feeble, old and faint of heart, lay trembling between life and death?

The grand jury meets on the first Monday of each month to indict those for trial against whom reasonable proofs of guilt are obtained. The saloon keeper had been shot in the groin, and, pending his injuries, indictment was waived. In proportion as the wound proved serious and the recovery prolonged, trial was postponed.

Isaac Masters had now been locked up six weeks. He had not yet heard from home and had only written once. About noon one day the keeper came to tell him that a woman wished to see him. Isaac thought that it was his mother, and the chance of meeting her in the guardroom surrounded by tiers upon tiers of [illegible] and thieves and petty criminals, overcame him. The man of strength sat down on his cot and, putting his hands over his white face, trembled violently. The guard, who knew that Isaac was an innocent man, spoke to him kindly.

"Go, go," said the prisoner in a voice of agony, "and tell my mother that I will be right there."

"Mother!" ejaculated the guard. "She's the youngest mother for a man of your size I ever see." He winked at the jailer and went.

Then Isaac knew that it was Abbie who had come alone, and he tightened his teeth and lips together and went down.

Isaac slowly came down the perforated iron stairs that were attached to the outside of his prison wing like a fire escape. On the bench in the middle of the guardroom sat Abbie—a little, helpless thing she seemed to him—facing the entrance as if she feared to remove her eyes from the door that led to freedom.

Abbie was greatly changed. She was dressed in black. If Isaac had been a free man, this fact would have startled him. As it was, he was so spent with suffering that his dulled mind could not understand it. At first Abbie did not recognize her hearty lover. His huge frame was gaunt and wasted. His ruddy face was white, and his cheeks hung in folds like molded putty. His country clothes dropped about him aimlessly. From crown to foot he had been devastated by unmerited disgrace. Grief may glorify, but the other ravages.

This meeting between the lovers was singularly undramatic. Each shrank a little from the other. They shook hands quietly. His was burning; her's like a swamp in October dew. He sat down beside her on the bench awkwardly, while the deputy looked at them with careless curiosity. He was used to nothing but tragedy and crime, and to his experienced mind the two had become long ago confused.

"Mother?" asked Isaac, nervously moving his feet. "Didn't she get my letter?"

The girl nodded gravely, tried to meet his eyes and then looked away. Tears fell unresisted down her cheeks. She made no attempt to wipe them off. It was as if she were too well acquainted with them to check their flow.

Then the truth began to filter through Isaac's bewildered intellect. He spread his knees apart, rested his arms upon them and bent his head to his hands. His great figure shook.

(Continued on page four.)

A HAT
Should Fit
the head, and
Becomingly.
Therefore buy your
Hat where
All the New Shapes
are shown.
Also the GEUINE YOUMAN.
New Light Shades in Soft Hats.
GREENEWALD'S
124 MAIN STREET,
Bradford.
New Percale Shirts.

McKean County Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY.

SMETHPORT, FRIDAY, APR. 30, 1897.

REPUBLICAN TICKET.

FOR ADDITIONAL LAW JUDGE,
THOMAS A. MORRISON,
of Smethport.

FOR CORONER,
E. R. SHERMAN,
of Bradford.

FOR JURY COMMISSIONER,
WALTER OSTRANDER,
of Liberty Township.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

To the Electors:—You are authorized to announce that I am a candidate for the office of Additional Law Judge of the 48th Judicial District, subject to the rules of the Democratic party.

EUGENE MULLIN.

Bradford, Pa., March 22, 1897.

CONGRESSMAN WILLIAM S. HOLMAN, "the objector" or otherwise known as the "watch dog of the Treasury," died at his home in Washington on Thursday, April 22.

In Vienna over 20,000 horses are eaten annually. This accounts for the origin of the horse laugh.—Philadelphia Press. That's a chestnut and has not even the merit of being a horse chestnut.

It's a pleasure to know that the Greeks are going to raise their war funds by selling currants, instead of by selling candy.—John Smith in Buffalo Express. This will come under the head of new currantcy.

FLOODS in the Mississippi river must have affected the Kentucky whiskey to such an extent that it is impossible for the law makers of the blue grass region to agree as to who will represent them in the upper House of Congress.

LAST Friday Speaker T. B. Reed paid a high compliment to our congressman, C. W. Stone, by appointing him speaker pro tem to cover the succeeding week. This will be gratifying news to Mr. Stone's many warm friends in this section.

THE Washington correspondent to the Buffalo Express has the following to say about ex-Senator Bannon. May his hopes be realized: "Ex State Senator A. P. Bannon of McKean county, Pennsylvania, has been here for several days in conference with Senators Quay and Penrose, and Representative Charles W. Stone. It is intimated that Mr. Bannon desires to be appointed as United States Marshal for western Pennsylvania and that he will be strongly backed for the place. As the other Federal appointments for western Pennsylvania are slated for Pittsburg and vicinity, the Republicans of the northwestern corner will insist on having the Marshalship, and especially as the Democrats gave that place to an Erie county man. Mr. Bannon is handicapped a little by the candidacy of George H. Higgins of Erie for District Attorney for western Pennsylvania, and his selection probably depends on the outcome of the other contests. The District Attorney will be appointed during the coming fall, and if it goes to ex Representative Hoban, as is the general opinion, Mr. Bannon's chances will be improved."

DEMOCRATIC free trade doctrine is rapidly losing ground as evidenced by the following from the Democratic Petersburg Index Appeal: "There is nothing more certain in the future than that the South will be protective and Democratic. The ideas are not antagonistic, and there is no mistaking the inevitable trend of events. There are natural and social conditions which make it plain that the prosperity of the South will be dependent on its growth and progress as a manufacturing section. Without that growth and progress we shall continue to decline even as an agricultural section. It has been pointed out as a most significant fact that there were more than thirty southern votes cast for the Dingley bill in the House of Representatives, and they were not all Republican votes, either. The tariff question is a business question, and it is time that the South was considering it in that light, and not as a mere partisan issue. There was a time when, by reason of the labor system and other considerations, protection was inimical to the industrial interests of the South but that time has passed away, together with its peculiar institutions and conditions, and the South simply tied itself to a corpse by clinging to old methods. We believe that the voter now lives who will see the time when Democratic conventions in the South will incorporate protection in their platforms as an essential and fundamental feature along with a denunciation of relentless warfare on monopolies and trusts. Then the South will become great, prosperous and influential under the development of its marvelous natural resources."

NEW LIBEL BILL.

The following is the text of the libel bill which passed the State Senate last week without a dissenting vote. It is now before the House:

An act defining libel and its punishment.

Section 1. Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania in General Assembly met, and it is hereby enacted by authority of the same, That actions for libel civil or criminal may be instituted in any one county in which the publication of the alleged libel has been made.

Section 2. Criminal actions for libel shall be maintained for any maliciously false publication or for any malicious publication not proper for public information against the writer, the editor who directs the publication and any editor or publisher, who knowingly permitted such publication or who refused to divulge the name of the writer. Any person thus committing criminal libel shall be guilty of a misdemeanor and on conviction shall be sentenced to pay a fine not exceeding $1,000 or undergo imprisonment not exceeding twelve months, or both, at the discretion of the court.

Section 3. In any civil action for libel when the publication is proper for public information the plea of justification shall be accepted as adequate when it is pleaded by the defendant that the publication is substantially true in every material respect, and if such a plea shall be established to the satisfaction of the Court and jury there shall be no recovery. The plea of justification if made in good faith shall not enhance damages, and in no civil action for libel shall damages be awarded beyond just satisfaction for injury actually sustained.

Section 4. All laws or parts of laws inconsistent with this act are hereby repealed.

E. T. Daly calls your attention to the fact that he has a fine line of buggies and carriages for sale at reasonable prices.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, April 26, '97.—Washington isn't dedicating the Grant monument, but it is sending over to New York some of the most prominent persons who will take part in or view the dedicatory ceremonies. President McKinley and his cabinet, the diplomatic corps, the Supreme Court, Mrs. Grant and members of the Grant family, and a delegation of prominent army and navy officers and their families went on one special train to-day. The Senate and House committees, which go as the official representatives of the legislative branch of the government, went on regular trains and to suit individual convenience, but the members will meet and remain together during the ceremonies. Many other Senators and Representatives have also gone, and it was agreed beforehand that no business whatever should be transacted at the meetings of the House and Senate to-day, and those to be held on Thursday, they being held merely to comply with the constitutional requirement as to the length of time that either branch of Congress may adjourn without the adoption a concurrent resolution.

It is expected that President McKinley will shortly modify the civil service rules. He has had an extended conference with the civil service commission. Secretary Wilson stated before the Senate sub committee, which is investigating the workings of the civil service law and rules, that the present rules hampered him in selecting efficient scientific subordinates, and in a written communication Secretary Gage expressed the opinion that a modification of the rules would be beneficial to his department.

Representative Dorr of West Virginia, has introduced a bill for the outright repeal of the civil service laws and he declares his intention to do everything he possibly can to get the bill acted upon.

Nothing could better illustrate President McKinley's idea of the relations that should exist between the federal administration and the public than the official announcement of the selection of Judge Wm. R. Day of Canton, O., to be First Assistant Secretary of State, and ex-Representative Bellamy Storer of Ohio to be U. S. minister to Belgium, three days before their nominations were sent to the Senate. President McKinley believes that as soon as anything has been determined upon, the people have a right to be informed of it, and acts accordingly.

Secretary Wilson is much pleased with the reception of his efforts to increase the culture of sugar beets in those sections of the country where the climate and soil seems to indicate success with this crop. So great has been the demand for the seeds that the large supply contracted for by Secretary Wilson when he first took charge of the agricultural department has been almost exhausted.

The death of Representative Milliken recalls the fact that no member of the Maine congressional delegation *died in office before Mr. Milliken, since* 1838, when Representative Jonathan P. Cilley of Maine was shot dead by Representative Graves of Kentucky, with whom he fought a duel.

Senator Allison, who is a member of the sub committee engaged in going over the Dingley bill before it is reported to the full finance committee—by the way, this sub committee is not taking any holiday either night or day this week—gave a caller a good idea of the manner in which the work of revision is being done, when he said: "Here is a letter from a manufacturer of blacking. How many ingredients do you suppose there are that enter into its manufacture? Well, more than a dozen. Some of these ingredients have been transferred from the free to the dutiable list. Some have had the rates increased and some decreased. Each article has a direct bearing on this man's business. He writes us that blacking is sold in packages of a certain size, which cannot well be varied; also that most of the blacking is imported from France and that the industry in this country is in its infancy, but is making fair progress. If we retain the House rates on certain ingredients he mentions, he asks that we also make a small increase on blacking and suggests that it will be easier to do this than to change the rates on the dozen articles which enter into his product. His request does not seem unreasonable, does it, if the facts are as he states? Well, we have looked into the rates on every one of the ingredients mentioned and their bearing on his product, and find his statement correct. That is the way we are doing our work on the tariff bill, and I think it is better than to do this man an injustice and possibly give his business to the French manufacturers." The sub committee expects to complete its work on the bill this week, and it is hoped that the bill can be reported to the Senate next week.

A GOOD WAY TO FEED CALVES.

One of the handiest devices we have ever seen for feeding calves was devised by an Iowa farmer several years ago. He fixed it against the fence in the pasture lot, but it can be just as easily placed in a barn or shed. The point was to arrange some method of feeding each calf separate and keeping it separate for a half hour after drinking.

A series of narrow stalls were made with the heads against the fence, through which the calf thrust its head and drank from a pail set in a hole cut in a plank. The stalls were narrow enough to prevent the calf from turning around. There were twenty calves and twenty stalls. At the rear end or entrance of the stalls hung a light door hanging vertically. There was one door to four stalls, made of light slats. When the doors were swung up horizontally the calves walked under them into the stalls. When the doors dropped down and hung vertically they closed the entrance to the stalls and thus held the calves in. Each door was raised or lowered from the front by a rope which passed over a small pulley set in a 2x4 scantling near the rear end of the center stall, and thence to the front of the stall. When the feeder started to pour the milk in the pails the doors were lowered and the stalls emptied; thus preventing interference on the part of the hungry calves. When all was ready the feeder seized one of the ropes and raised the door to a level or horizontal position and let four calves into their stalls. Then the next four were admitted in like manner, until all were drinking. Then the doors were let down and the calves remained as long as was desired.—Hoard's Dairyman.

Sold a gentleman from Dunkirk. "I have ridden the 'Old Hickory' wheel over cobblestone pavements and find that it gives the greatest ease in riding and is the most durable.

D. M. BRASTED

Dr. F. C. Pierce has just received samples of 1897 Rambler and Ideal Bicycles. Prices ranging from $22.00 to $80.00. You will never regret looking at the superior points on these carefully selected lines of cycles.

Unconditional surrender, in the only terms those famous little pills known as DeWitt's Little Early Risers will make with constipation, sick headache and stomach troubles. A. B. Armstrong & Co.

Wm. Masser has placed in his shops on Water street all kinds of machinery for the manufacture of builder's material, such as moulding, siding, ceiling and surfaced lumber of all kinds.

A recent survey of Hudson Bay showed that the land lying around it is rapidly rising. So is Heart's Delight coffee in the estimation of the public.

UNVEILING OF GRANT MONUMENT.

Last Tuesday in New York city there gathered hundreds of thousands of visitors from all parts of the globe to pay honest tribute to one of the greatest heroes, as well as *statesmen*, of the 19th century—Gen. Ulysses S. Grant. The remains of the idol of our nation have laid entombed at Riverside, N. Y., *for over twelve years, awaiting the* erection of a fitting monument and tomb to receive the ashes of this hero so deeply beloved by our entire population of these United States.

The civil, army and naval displays outranked anything ever known in the world's history. Even the bringing back to Paris the remains of Napoleon Bonaparte from St. Helena does not compare with the pageant that was presented in our metropolis last Tuesday. Following is a description of the monument:

The eye is first struck and the attention held by its simple dignity and substantial massiveness. There is durability written in every line, from the huge square foundation blocks to the solid capstone which caps the conical dome. There is grace, too, and the eye follows up from pillar to cornice, from drum to lantern, zigzaging up the stepped cone, which tapers off until it ends naturally in the flattened apex.

The monument is 165 feet high. It is 100 feet square on the base, and this rests on an underground foundation of concrete 120 feet square. This foundation rest on the bedrock of Manhattan Island, which crops out on this part of the island more than 35 feet above tide water. The body of the tomb is a square structure of the Grecian doric order of architecture.

The north, east and west sides are finished in plain severity, but the south side, in which is the only entrance, is embellished by a portico, formed by a double line of fluted columns. The entrance is approached by a long flight of steps 70 feet wide. The lower structure is finished with an ornate cornice, above which is a parapet. The cornice is 80 feet from the ground and is decorated by a frieze of carved lions' heads. The circular cupola is 70 feet in diameter. Above this is the lantern, somewhat smaller, and on this rests the conical dome.

Directly in front of the entrance is to be placed an equestrian statue of General Grant on a pedestal which will rise out of the center of the stairway. Above the portico four more equestrian statues of generals on Grant's staff will also be placed, but none of these are in position to-day. There will be another group of statuary in the center of the parapet and just above the simple inscription tablet, and towering over all, on the very apex of the cone, will some day be placed the chariot and prancing horses of the symbolical Victory.

As you enter upon the southern exposure you see the opening of the crypt before you. It is 30 feet wide in the center of the chamber.

Looking down into the vault the great sarcophagus made for the remains of General Grant is to be seen. The sarcophagus was made from one piece of Wisconsin porphyry, which is said to excell in beauty the Finland porphyry, from which the sarcophagus of Napoleon was chiselled.

Beside this sarcophagus is a place for another. Here an exact duplicate will some day hold the *remains* of Mrs. Grant.

The sarcophagus for General Grant is of a dark red color and highly polished. The capstone simply bears the inscription, "*Ulysses S. Grant*." The sarcophagus weighs 10 tons. It is 10.4 feet long, 5.6 feet wide and 4.8 feet high.

If your children are troubled with colds, croup or whooping cough, you will be interested in the statement of Mr. J. A. Noll, Jr. & Bro., large general merchants at Pleasant Gap, Pa. Mr. Noll says: "Whenever my children are affected with croup I give them Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, and it always effects a prompt cure. My customers like this remedy very much, and there are some who say it has been the means of saving their children's lives. The 25 and 50 cent bottles are for sale by A. B. Armstrong & Co.

FREE TO MEN AND WOMEN.

For one Day more and Positively the Last, Monday at 10 a. m., A. B. Armstrong & Co., The Druggists.

Will present to every lady and gentleman (but not children) calling at their store, a package of the new, celebrated Moki Tea without charge. This offer is made to convince the citizens of Smethport and vicinity that this wonderful yet simple preparation will do exactly what is claimed for it.

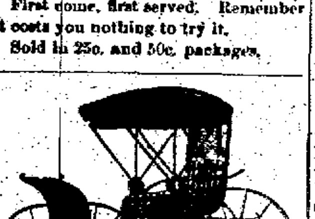
MOKI TEA is a Nerve builder, composed of the harmless roots and herbs used by the Moki Indian. It gives brilliancy to the complexion, is a positive cure for sick headache and constipation; removes pimples, blotches, moth patches and all rawness of the skin. Cures dyspepsia, malaria, biliousness, dizziness, sour stomach, loss of appetite and all diseases that are due to a derangement of the stomach and liver. It acts upon the muscles and tissue giving new life and buoyancy to the frame.

Take a cup of MOKI TEA upon retiring at night and become fair, sweet-tempered and happy.

It is very pleasant to take, and so positive are we of its results that we make the above liberal offer.

First come, first served. Remember it costs you nothing to try it.

Sold in 25c. and 50c. packages.



It will pay you

to see our stock of

Carriages, Harness & Bicycles

before you buy.

Oak Leather Harness & Carriage Co.,
192 Union Street,
OLEAN, N. Y.
sign GRAY HORSE.

Are you Going to buy a

Mower, Reaper or Binder?

Wm. Masser is agent for the JOHNSTON HARVESTING CO., of Batavia, N. Y. He will be pleased to show Machines and quote prices. Also Walker, Stratman & Co.'s Fertilizers, at low prices.

WILLIAM MASSER,
Water Street. Smethport.

W. C. T. U. COLUMN

THE CONVENTION.

One of the most pleasant and profitable conventions ever held by the McKean Co. W.C.T.U. was the twenty-eighth annual convention held in the Baptist church of Smethport on the 21st and 22d of April 1897. The devotional services held each session were so conducted as to give all who attended to them a spiritual uplift and [illegible]. The papers on the different departments of work showed much talent and careful preparation and the discussions were carried on with a spirit of love and harmony conducive to the best interests of the organization.

A feeling of thankfulness that our beloved president, Mrs. H. E. Chambers, was able to be with us prevailed throughout the convention.

The addresses of welcome by Miss S. A. Scull of Smethport and Mrs. Lena DeHass of Crosby, were ably written and expressive of the good will and hospitality with which the entertainers greeted the visitors and delegates.

The response, by Mrs. J. W. Pickett, was as full of wit, wisdom and pleasantness as that lady's productions always are. A solo was finely rendered by Mrs. Anna Gifford. The mother's conference, conducted by Mrs. M. E. Davis of Bradford, was really the best of the kind ever held by the McKean Co. W. C. T. U. and was full of help and instruction for our burdened and overworked mothers. The paper "16 to 1," by Mrs. Ellen Duke of Duke Centre, was not a political article on the money question but an ably written, well read discourse on practical every day facts and questions that would have done credit to an author and philosopher, had it been written by one, instead of a busy mother and housekeeper. *The subject of franchise* was treated in a lively and capable manner by Mrs. A. P. Washburn, followed with a discussion by the members of the convention, who were nearly unanimous on the domestic, social and political advantages of investing wives and mothers with the power of the ballot.

The Y's and the young women of the W. C. T. U. held an excellent session on Thursday evening. The music, recitations and papers were of a high order and a credit to all who took part in the exercises as well as Mrs. Alice Hirsch of Kane, under whose direction they were given.

One of the best features of the Friday morning session was a sort of Methodist class meeting exercise, in which several members of the convention testified as to the reason for their belonging to the W.C.T.U. Among those given were, that it had educated them into a higher and better life; that it had developed their best faculties, given them broader views and outlooks, and last, but not least, had made them better daughters and sisters, better wives and mothers.

The closing session, on Friday afternoon, was full of good things among the best of which were, the paper on Evangelistic Work, by Mrs. Parsons; the Question Box by Mrs. Boole; the Chalk Talk to a large collection of little folks from the Smethport graded school, by Mrs. Chapman; the discussion in Scientific Temperance Instruction, by Mrs. E. D. Kane, M. D., and the duets by the Misses Brennan and the Misses Dibble and Brennan.

Friday evening a large audience was entertained with excellent music by a choir of Smethport singers, who added to the pleasures of the convention by several contributions, and were both entertained and instructed by an address by Mrs. Ella Boole, vice president of the New York State W. C. T. U., which was the grand finishing and the crowning feature of the convention.

MRS. H. W. HEINEMAN,
Co. Sup't Press Work.

The writer of the above neglected to include the fact that the guests were royally entertained to dinner and tea by the members of the Crosby and Norwich union, at the Grand Central.

When in need of a good reliable cough medicine remember that Chamberlain's Cough Remedy not only relieves but cures. Mr. Joseph Rogers of West Warren, Pa., when suffering from a very severe cold and cough took this remedy with the best results. He says it helped effectually and not only relieved but cured him. If you have any fear of pneumonia, by all means chose this remedy, as it counteracts any tendency of a cold to ward pneumonia. For sale at 25 and 50 cents per bottle by A. B. Armstrong & Co.

J. C. Gallup has contracted with the Johnston Harvesting Machinery Co., of Batavia, N. Y., and will sell their line of harvesting machinery for 1897, in this section. Do not purchase until you see their up-to-date machines.

Wm. Masser has employed a first-class bicycle repairman from Buffalo who will be able to make any repairs needed, or build new wheels.

LET YOUR EYES REST HERE.

If you contemplate buying a wagon of any kind come and get prices at my shop, and I will convince you that I can make you as good a rig as you can buy elsewhere for less money. Remember I can furnish anything from a light buggy to the heaviest truck. Having placed machinery in my shop I can do better work and more of it and for prices or repair work I am in position to give you figures that will surprise you.

PRICES FOR HEAVY WAGONS	
New tongue	$1 50
New axle	2 50
New tires	$7 00 to 8 00
New spoke	15
BUGGIES.	
New tires	$1 50
New rims	4 00
New short arms	4 50
New shafts	$3 00 to 4 00
New bones, hand-made,	4 50

In fact I can do work 25 per cent. cheaper than any other shop.

Look here, Mr. Farmer, I propose to meet you half way during these hard times. I will cut your wheels down and put on 1¼x4 inch bent oak rims and 5-16x4 steel tires for $14.00.

T. H. PURTLE,
Smethport, Pa.

Come

to EAST SMETHPORT and do your trading with

O. D. BUSH,

He keeps a stock of

GROCERIES,
PROVISIONS,
DRY GOODS,
PATENT MEDICINES,
TINWARE,
BOOTS and SHOES,
HAY and FEED,
PAINTS and OILS,
WINDOW GLASS,
HARDWARE,
FARM and GARDEN TOOLS

and in fact everything kept by a first class general store. He is always pleased to show goods quote prices, which are as low as any reliable concern is able to give on good goods. A trial will convince you.

FOR 1897

I have received a large invoice of

Wall Paper,

all of the latest designs. Call at the

Furniture Store of Specht & Sasse

and examine my stock.

Experienced paper hangers furnished when desired, and all work gurranted.

C. SASSE,
Smethport, Pa.

Warner's Safe Cure

Has for a Fifth of a Century Cured all forms of . . .

KIDNEY and LIVER DISEASES.

THE DREAD BRIGHT'S DISEASE

is but advanced Kidney Disease. Either is Dangerous. Both can be Cured if treated in time with Warner's Safe Cure.

Large bottle or new style smaller one at your druggist's. Ask for either and accept no substitute.

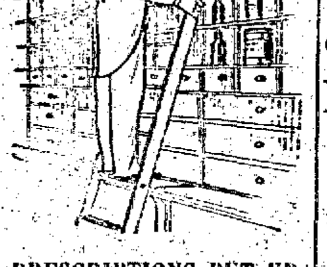
IT IS PLEASANT

To be able to present our customers such a large assortment of exquisite spring fabrics.

Our stock contains goods suitable for all ages, and women of limited resources who aspire to be well dressed or have their children well dressed can obtain that which fashion decrees is the right style at very low prices.

Now is the time to buy your Summer Underwear. My stock is complete both for Gents and Ladies.

J. Colegrove.
Next to Bank,
Smethport, Pa.



PRESCRIPTIONS PUT UP

with scrupulous exactness. Our friend on the ladder is putting his out of reach. Unlike his, our prescriptions are within everybody's grasp. Though good as gold you can purchase them for paper money. For a trifle, too. The preparation of medicines has been our study for years. What use of a skillful Doctor if the druggist is neglectful? One is as important as the other. We fight sicknes with scientific weapons. Let us restore the roses to your cheeks.

McCOYS DRUG STORE.

The Red Front

Merchant of
EAST SMETHPORT,

H. Warshofsky,

Now has a traveling grocery for Smethport and vicinity.

He visits all the

Surrounding Country

and carries a complete stock of fresh groceries and provisions.

These goods are sold 20 per cent. cheaper than any store in this section.

Farmers Produce In Exchange.

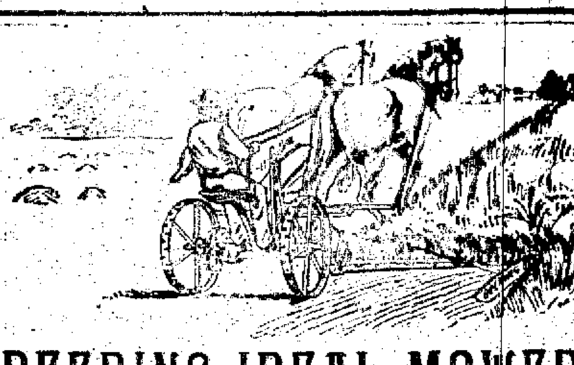
Try Him.

Opera House Drug Store.

I have a complete line of Drugs, Medicines, Toilet Articles, Perfumes and the highest of grades Stationery—Hurd's Linen is a leader. In fact I have everything kept in a first-class Drug Store.

H. C. Wells,
Smethport, Pa.

PUBLIC TELEPHONE PAY STATION.



DEERING IDEAL MOWERS

With Ball and Roller Bearings.

They are the only Mowers that can be drawn at a slow walk or started without backing in any crop. The only Mowers with serrated ledger plates, perfect shear cutting knives with spring steel clips. The only Mowers with adjustable drag bar to keep the knife in line and protect the pitman.

Hill Side and Flat Land Plows,

Spring tooth, spike tooth and disk harrow, farmer's favorite seed and fertilizer drills. This drill can be used for sowing fertilizer alone, or broadcast if preferred. In fertilizers we include dry wood ashes, lime sifted, and land plaster.

We have top buggies, road wagons, platform wagons surreys, phaetons, carts, &c.

NOURSE BROS.,
Smethport, Penn'a.
BACKUS BLOCK, Opposite Court House.

Ladies' New Dress Goods

Are taking the lead at my store at the present time. We have the largest line and the handsomest assortment.

The other departments are stocked in the usual up-to-date manner.

Call and examine.

D. C. YOUNG,
SMETHPORT, PA.

Goods Sold Will be for Cash.

YOUR WHEEL

Will need Enameling.

I have placed an oven in my shop and am prepared to do this work as well as it can be done at the factory.

Ornamenting a Specialty.

Any Color. Prices Reasonable.

C. A. OLMSTEAD.
Shop on Water St.

Spring and Summer Suits.

Leave your orders now for suits. The patterns this year are way above the average, and our tailoring department was never so complete. In addition to this we carry an unrivaled stock of

READY-MADE SUITS.

For all ages. Children's suits from $1.00 up. Prices that correspond with the times.

Call and we will convince you that there not a clothing house outside of the very large cities that will give you such real bargains.

H. W. Rubin & Co.,
The Clothiers,

GRAND EASTER OPENING

At Mrs. T. D. Nash's,

MONDAY, TUESDAY and WEDNESDAY, APRIL 12th, 13th and 14th, 1897.

On those days we will have on sale the finest Spring and Summer hats and bonnets ever brought to this town.

We have secured the services of a first-class trimmer who will take all pains to suit the wearer and as she comes very highly recommended you are sure to be pleased with her work. It will be stylish and up to date in every particular. We aimed to get such a trimmer and succeeded, consequently we guarantee stock, work and prices.

If wanting stylish spring and summer dress goods call and see our new line and compare prices.

Hosiery, Notions, Dress Linings, Corsets, &c.

We have a complete line of new shoes, very cheap, which we would like you to examine before purchasing elsewhere.

See our new Kid Gloves for Easter wear.

Mrs. T. D. Nash

PALACE PHARMACY.

Under the new management the store will be stocked with a new and complete line of

Drugs, Patent Medicines,

Toilet Articles, Perfumes, Soaps, Brushes, &c.

Parties in need of a TRUSS or EYE GLASSES will be greatly benefitted by giving us a call. As our stock is very large we will close them out at reduced prices.

BURG CHADWICK, M. D., Prop.,
Smethport, Penna.

A Glimpse of Spring

May be had from a glimpse through "The Big Store. The old saying is, "In the spring the young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love." Of course the poet referred to love of the beautiful new goods to be found at "The Big Store." A dollar this spring will do the work of $1.50 in former seasons.

Among the new and inexpensive fabrics are:

40 inch fish nets, 15 cents.
50 " " " 35c, 40c and 50 cents.
Lace edges to match, 7 and 10 cents.
Embroidered edge sash muslins, 16c, 20c, 22c and up.
33 inch floral stripe tickings, pink, yellow and violet, fast color, 25c.
33 inch plain or figured denims, 20 cents.
Beautiful Corduroys, Velours and Liberty velvets, 75c, 90c and $1.
50 inch drapery goods for arch ways, 45c, 75c, 85c, $1.50, $2.75 and $3.25 per yard. Fringes to match, 10c to 40c.
All colors curtain loops, 10c, 20c, 30c, 40c and 85c a pair.
Beautiful white curtain poles, 4 feet long, complete, 40c, 50c, 55c and 60c.
Rich new lace curtains, $1.10, $1.25, $1.75, $1.98 and up.
Finest of genuine Brussels nets, $5.25, $5.48, $7.25 and $8.98 per pair.
Good values in Irish Points, $2.98, $3.75, $4.48, $5.00 and up.
Silky effects in satin Reuss portiers, $2.75 per pair and up.

We are headquarters for housefurnishings, and anyone making purchases without first seeing our stock will regret.

We pack and deliver all goods free. **We sew Carpets free.**

Come to Olean to trade; it will pay you. You can save your railroad fare on a $25.00 purchase.

NEW CARPETS & FURNITURE.

ANDREWS & CONKLING
127-129 UNION ST., OLEAN, N. Y.

OLMSTED BROS.

In our Crockery Department we are offering:

100 piece Dinner Sets for $9.00, $10.00 and $11.00.	
56 piece Tea Sets	$ 5.00.
10 piece Chamber Sets,	$2.50 to 3.50.
12 peice Chamber Sets,	$4.25 to 4.50.

We carry a full line of plain white and decorated ware, such as Saucers, Plates, Platters, Baakers, Sauce Dishes, Bowls, Butter Dishes, Sugar Bowls, Cream Pitchers, Etc.

Our line of Laies and Gents Neckwear, Men's Hats, Caps and Kid Gloves are up-to-date, and if you give us a call we can show you the latest styles in these goods.

Remember about our Carpets, Linoleum, Matting, Oil Cloth, Etc.

The Variety Store,
Reilly Block. SMETHPORT, PA.

Where are We at?

Our Office is at Smethport, McKean County, Pa.

TRADE MARK REGISTERED HOO-HOO.

BUT

We are with You if you wish to Buy

Lumber
Lath
Shingles
Siding
Flooring
Ceiling
Moulding
Doors
Windows
Screens
Glass.

Only a sample order will convince you that You're with Us

Call and see us, or write us for quotations.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN.

RELIABLE GAS RANGES,

45 STYLES

Each one of a hundred points has helped to make RELIABLE GAS RANGES popular. We cannot tell them all here, but we will show them if you call on us.

RELIABLE GAS RANGES are used all around you. Ask why people like them. Those who have ranges always have some complaint. We have never heard of one from the use of a Reliable.

A gas range will last for a good share of a lifetime. You might as well have a good one. Do yourself the justice of learning of Reliables.

Made in 45 styles, from the cheapest up.

RUBBER PAINT.

Rubber Paint is the paint that sometimes lasts years after common paint has been re-paintee. Time and weather seem to have no effect on it. It is brighter than common paint and stays bright longer. We have had a dozen years of experience with it, and it is the pride of our paint paint department.

Sold ready for use in all sizes of cans and colors.

SPRING -

Paint Brushes 5c to $2.00.
Whitewash Brushes.
Window and Floor Brushes.
Varnishes and Oils.
Sanitary Mucaline.
Carpet Beaters.
Furniture Beaters.
Gold Medal Carpet Sweepers.

NECESSITIES

Rubber Door Mats.
Wire Door Mats.
Cocoa Door Mats.
Step Ladders.
Lawn Rakes.
Carpet Stretchers.
Hose of every kind.
Furniture Polish.

L. EMERY, JR., & CO.,
THE GREAT SUPPLY HOUSE.
EMERY & WEAVER. Bradford, Pa.

Mention the *Miner* when writing or calling.

F. G. Lindholm & Co.

LADIES'

Spring . Wraps!

Large up-to-date stock
Prices to suit everybody.

SEE!

THE NEW
- Hammocks
- Draperies
- Dress Trimmings
- Fancy Silks
- Irish Point Curtains
- Shirt Waists
- Neckwear
- Gloves
- Strew Hats
- Fancy Shirts.

FOOTWEAR.

These goods harmonize with May 1st, 1897.

GROCERIES.

We are right to the front in Prices and Qualities.

F. G. Lindholm & Co.

GENERAL MERCHANTS,
Smethport, Pa.

April 30, 1897.

Mention the *Miner* when writing or calling.

CRAYONS,

The best ever offered in Smethport. Strictly high grade. From $10.00 to $15.00, worth $25.00. Crayons from $3.50 (frame included) up. This work will surprise you. Order at once. Portraits are still of the best quality. No need to go out of town for this work.

"IKE" GLEASON, The Photographer,
Smethport, Pa.

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

SMETHPORT, FRIDAY, APR. 30, 1897.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Argument court Tuesday, May 11

—License court will be held Monday, May 10.

—We have now a full fledged "washee washee" in town.

—Do not fail to read our interesting Port Allegany letter.

—Pitt Abbey, the express man, now drives a very tony wagon.

—A new walk has been laid on King street between the jail and the M. E. church.

—Lindholm & Co. have something new to tell you this week in their advertisement.

—Mrs. Ada Cable of Bradford has been assisting Recorder Choate for a few days in his office.

—Miss Lois Young entertained a few of her most intimate young friends at [illegible] last Friday night.

—Attention is called to the new advertisement of J. Colegrove which will be found in another column.

—Leon Hogarth and some other gentleman placed about 2000 trout fry in small streams adjacent yesterday.

—The residence on Green street belonging to M. B. Greer, occupied by W. H. Morrison, has been reshingled

—The fountains in the court house square have received a coat of paint and now present a very attractive appearance.

—Jas. Quirk is in line with a new Buckeye combination grain drill and corn planter of the latest improved patters.

—The band furnished some excellent music at the opera house last Saturday night while Charley's Aunt was holding the boards.

—The safe in the postoffice at Wellsboro was blown open recently and several hundred dollars carried away by the daring robbers.

—Rev. J. W. Sanborn preached an excellent temperance sermon last Sunday morning. In fact he handled his subject without gloves.

—Albert Baker was lodged in jail last Saturday by Constable Tadder on the charge of assault committed on Mrs. Knight of Bradford.

—Patrick Butler of Ceres and Miss Maggie Phalen of Open Brook were joined in wedlock by Father Flood at 7 a. m. last Tuesday.

—W. H. Prentiss, the marble man, has a new advertisement in the MINER this week. Those in need of monuments would do well to give him a call.

—Don't fail to secure the opening chapters of the interesting serial story, "Fort Frayne," by Capt. Chas. King, which will appear in this paper next week.

—The jury commissioners met Monday and drew a jury for the fifth Monday of May when a special court will be held to try the Barnsdall divorce suit and other cases.

—Frank Cantwell of Turtle Point, who had his leg amputated last winter, is gradually failing and it is only a matter of a few days before he will bid adieu to earthly things.

—Ed Gerwick, a twelve-year-old lad of Port Allegany, recently caught a trout below the dam in that place that measured 16 inches in length and weighed one pound and nine ounces.

—In New Jersey men who use wide tire wagons are given a rebate of $1 per wheel per annum on their taxes.—Farm Journal. An excellent idea and one well worthy of being imitated in this section.

—Farmers, here is an opportunity you cannot afford to let pass. Hoard's Dairyman, one of the best farm journals published, will be furnished from now until the first of January, 1898, for the small sum of 50 cents.

—James Bigler, who assisted in robbing two Italians on the highway near Clermont last November was captured at DuBois last week and lodged in jail here last Tuesday by Constable George Squires of Sergeant township.

—Through the kindness of John P. Mullin of Bradford we received an invitation to attend the rounding up of the Elks held there last Tuesday night. Business would not permit us to attend as a spectator, but we appreciate the kindness just the same.

—Last Sunday morning Charles Lenmier was the happiest man in town. Mrs. Lenmier presented him with a charming daughter.

—Last Monday C. H. Lacey of Binghampton and John Troy of Olean came up and adjusted T. H. Purtle's fire loss in a most satisfactory manner to all parties concerned.

—Tom Clark and Frank Keelan became involved in a quarrel over a game of cards in Bradford last Sunday. Clark drew a knife and stabbed Keelan in the neck, but fortunately missed the jugular vein. Keelan is well-known in Smethport as "July, the twirler."

—A. B. Armstrong has several packages of sugar beet seed which can be had by those who will give the matter proper attention. These seeds are furnished by the government for the purpose of making tests to discover if this section is suitable for the successful raising of sugar beets.

—To any new subscriber paying in advance or any old subscriber who will pay all arrearages and a year in advance. We offer as a premium, in paper binding, any work in the Seaside Library, the Charlotte M. Braeme series, the Giant series and Munroe's Library of popular novels.

—Marriage licenses have been granted to the following parties: W. A. Longshore and Augusta V Leroy of Kane; Lars Eckland of Kane and Jennie Johnson of Portland, Pa.; Clarence Bellingsly of Butler and Ethel V. Wright of Liberty; John Lanahan of Wetmore and Theresa Brooks of Kane.

—Harper's Weekly of May 1 promises to be of really historical interest. It will be devoted largely to an elaborately illustrated article on the dedication of the Grant monument, and to a review of General Grant's career. The number will contain also fiction by Mary E. Wilkins and by other popular writers.

—The M. E. church was well filled with an eager throng last Sunday night to listen to the eloquent words of Mrs. Ella Boole, the noted temperance lecturer of the W.C.T.U. Her audience was not disappointed in the least. She is the same earnest worker in the cause and her zeal has not abated one jot

—The citizens show much interest in the coming convention of the State Editorial Association in this city. The various committees have received every encouragement in making the preliminary arrangements. Mayor Fagnan and A. J. Edgett secured special rates at the hotels Wednesday morning for the visitors.—Bradford Record.

—The Adam Forepaugh-Sells Brothers' Great United Shows will exhibit at Bradford next Friday, May 7. This is a monstrous combination and numbers among its attractions many new and strange features. Don't fail to see the stupendous, spectacular street parade and the only living pair of giant hippopotamuses on exhibition. Remember the date.

—The L.O.T.M., of this place in company with Miss J. A. Kimmer of North Dakota, Mrs. L. A. Jaynes of Norton Olive and Mrs. J. C. Looker of Summit City, tendered Mrs. Wm. Masser a pleasant surprise party Friday of last week, it being that lady's birth day. Music and recitations were rendered and a delicious lunch served. It was a very enjoyable occasion.

—One of the largest crowds that Kane has ever had within its limits was in attendance at the demonstration conducted by the I.O.O.F. Although the rain interfered with the out door part of the program the exercises were interesting and highly enjoyed by all. A delegation from Smethport was in attendance and speak in terms of praise of the hospitality of the Kane people.

—Miss Hannah Coleman has purchased of the heirs of the estate the Horace Coleman farm near Coleman and has taken possession of the same, expecting to make it her future residence. This is a fine property and our citizens will be glad to learn it is not to leave the family, who were among the pioneer residents of this section, and one of whom we are glad to again welcome.—Port Allegany Reporter.

—Last Friday Jno R. Shoemaker received word that his sister, Mrs. Philip Bates, of Shoemaker, Monroe county, Pa., who had been sick for some time, was dead. He hastened at once to the place and found that a mistake had been made, for it was his brothers wife, Mrs. Andrew Shoemaker, that died. While there, however, his sister also passed away, thus making the bereavement a double one.

—The teacher, pupils and parents of the Gallup school held a very enjoyable picnic on Saturday last at Burbank Grove. It was a day long to be remembered, especially by the little folk. Sixty persons partook of the elegant repast and all went away highly delighted. It was the closing of a very successful term of school under the efficient management of Ella McCarty. There never was such harmony in the school as there has been this term, as is evident from the fact that all the pupils and all of the parents took interest in and enjoyed the picnic.

—At Little Valley, N. Y., last Monday Arthur Farrell, who was indicted for Murder in the first degree in connection with the burning of the Burlingame store at Olean last summer, in which Leon H. Pitts lost his life, was allowed to plead guilty to arson in the second degree. The chances are that he will serve the maximum term of 15 years in the Elmira reformatory. In the case of John Corkins, indicted on the same charge, the district attorney moved that the indictment against the prisoner be dismissed and he be allowed to plead guilty to the charge of arson in the third degree.

—Last Saturday afternoon little Herbie Yerdon asked permission of his father to go to the old Gifford mill a-fishing. Fortunately Mr. Yerdon concluded to go along to avoid all danger. Herbie got down on a pile of slabs just below the apron of the dam and was fishing while his father was above him on the dock. Suddenly a slab broke precipitating Herbie into the pool below the dam where he would have surely drowned only for the prompt action of Mr. Yerdon who leaped to the slab pile and seizing a pole reached it to his son and pulled him out. Mr. Yerdon severely sprained his knee in making the jump.

—Two of Frank Baker's bright little girls had a very narrow escape last Monday afternoon. They were crossing Main street near the Central to go the postoffice. It was raining quite hard and a strong wind blowing from the west; they were protecting themselves from the pelting rain and did not notice a heavy team of horses attached to a carriage coming down Main street. The driver did not notice the children until they threw up the umbrella and screamed. Both horses jumped outwardly from the pole of the carriage, and this undoubtedly saved the little ones' lives, as they passed between the horses and out between the wheels receiving only slight bruises. It was a very fortunate escape. Whether the driver was altogether to blame is not known, but he showed very little humanity in driving away as he did without waiting to see how seriously the little ones had been injured.

—Yesterday afternoon Charles Samnels' residence, No. 38 [illegible] street, was badly damaged by fire. Mr. Samnels' loss will aggregate from $1000 and Dr. Gibson estimates his loss at $500. The fire originated in an upstairs room. A lace curtain came in contact with the flame of a jet and ignited. Mrs. Gibson was lying down in the room, but before she realized a fire was in progress a large portion of the room was in flames. While hastily descending the stairs Mrs. Gibson sprained her ankle and had to be assisted to a neighbor's house. Dr. Gibson tore down the burning curtain and had one of his hands scorched.—Monday's Era.

—Last Monday night "Old Farmer Hopkin's" well known reputation brought together the largest audience that has occupied the opera house in over three years and when Mr. Dagleton appeared on the stage in his old familiar costume he was heartily greeted by the audience who expected an evening of pleasure and he did not disappoint them in the least. He is the same jolly farmer of old and just as full of fun as ever. Mrs. Davidson as Daisy Lindow, the heiress and Jimmy Tuff, the newsboy, was very realistic. The company gave entire satisfaction and we can assure them a hearty welcome on their return here in the future, as the play never grows old in "Farmer Hopkin's" hands.

—Last Wednesday solemn High Mass was commenced at St. Elizabeth's church here at 10 a. m., with Rev. M. P. Flood as Celebrant, Rev L. A. Smith of Limestone, N. Y., as Deacon, Rev. Geo. Winkler of Kane as Sub Deacon and Rev. Lochermaier of Erie, Master of Ceremonies. Rev. Dougherty preached a beautiful sermon appropriate to the occasion, which was highly appreciated by those present. There was a fair attendance to celebrate the anniversary of Rev. Flood's twenty-five years of continued service. Father Flood received a large number of telegrams from brother priests sending their regrets at being unable to attend the interesting ceremonies on account of pressing duties at home.

Executive Committee Meeting.

The executive committee of the State Editorial Association met in the parlors of the St. James hotel in Bradford last Friday evening. The mayor, representatives of the board of trade, the McKean County Press Club and a number of prominent citizens were present. This meeting was called for the purpose of making preliminary arrangements for the proper reception and entertainment of the Editorial Association of the State which will meet there in convention on June 22 and 23 next. Mayor Fagnan was chosen chairman and Mrs. Ada Cable secretary.

Mr. P. C. Boyle informed those present that at a meeting of the State Editorial Association in Harrisburg in January, an invitation was extended from the publishers of McKean county, to the association, to hold its annual meeting in Bradford. Lancaster and other places extended invitations, but with one accord the members voted to accept Bradford's invitation. The outing program was then outlined and the speaker said there are more than 200 editors in the association and they will bring their wives and daughters.

Mayor Fagnan expressed his appreciation of the benefit and pleasure to be derived from the visiting editors and was willing to assist in making the occasion a great success.

On the first day of the meeting there will be an excursion to Kinzua bridge and over the B. B. & K. R. R., to witness the shooting of an oil well. Ex-Senator Emery has tendered his residence for an informal reception Wednesday evening. The Board of Trade will give a banquet to the visitors on Thursday night and Friday morning there will be an excursion to Chautauqua Lake. Hon. R. B. Stone of Bradford, Editors W. H. Baker of the Ridgway Advocate, D. D. Reed of the Erie Dispatch, T. M. McClellan of the Mt. Jewett Herald; W. W. Wagner Supt. J. C. McKenna all made brief speeches strongly favoring a proper reception of our distinguished guests. The following are the committees appointed by Mayor Fagnan to assist in caring for the visitors:

Entertainment—A. J. Edgett, L. Emery, Jr., M. W. Wagner, E. T. Hawes, Col. J. C. Fox, A. W. Golden, C. E. Wheeler, John O'Brien, A. Detinler, J. M. Sloan, A. C. Hawkins, J. H. Fox, C. H. Foster, Felix Steinberger.

Finance—J. C. Greenewald, Geo. Potter, W. R. Weaver, C. H. Lavens, C. P. Collins, F. W. Davis, S. H. Dresser, F. P. Holley, O. F. Schonblom, Mr. Matson, Otho Gash, L. W. Oakes, A. W. Newell, Lester Simons A. D. Burns, Alex Watson.

Reception—Mayor Fagan, R. B. Stone, E. R. Shepard, J. M. McClure, D. A. Dennison, Eugene Mullin, F. A. Churchill, Geo. A. Berry, Rev. A. R. Keiffer, Dr. C. S. Hubbard, R. E. Whiteley, W. W. Brown, Geo. O. Slone, W. E. Burdick, W. L. Cooper, R. L. Edgett, F. H. Linderman, Bradford; Burt Olson, Hon. B. D. Hamlin, Hon. T. A. Morrison, S. R. Lindsley, George Mitchell, Smethport; T. McClellan, Elisha K. Kane, M. J. Gallup, Mt. Jewett; Col. Lucius Rogers, H. H. Clayson, Joshua Davis, Kane; A. D. Gould, Eldred; Will Lillibridge, Port Allegany; J. P. Herrick, Ceres.

Transportation—J. C. McKenna, C. V. Merrick, G. F. Gardner, L. B. McIntyre, W. E. Mathews.

Reception of Ladies—Mrs. Ada Cable, chairman. The committee will be announced later.

Upon motion, unanimously adopted, ex-officio chairman, and Mrs. Ada Cable ex-officio secretary of all committees. The chairmen of the respective committees are requested to notify the secretary to call a meeting of the several committees at the earliest date possible.

The members of the committee present were: Col. Lucius Rogers, Kane; P. C. Boyle, Oil City; D. D. Reed, Erie; W. H. Baker, Ridgway; Burt Olson, Smethport; T. McClellan, Mt. Jewett.

A Sad Accident.

Late Wednesday afternoon Maud Varney, aged 12, Helen Smith and little four-year-old brother, Paul, all of East Smethport, started for the grove a short distance above Gifford's mill in search of flowers. When almost opposite the old Rowan place the children attempted to cross Potato creek on the logs. Maud started to carry little Paul accross and when about half way over missed her footing and both children were plunged into the water. After a desperate struggle Maud managed to catch the limb of a tree and succeeded in saving herself and then bravely tried to save the little boy, but was unable to do so. The screams of the two girls attracted the attention of people in the neighborhood. W. A. Robbins was working a short distance from the children and at first paid no attention to the cries of the little ones thinking they were at play, however, as the cries still continued, he hastened to the scene. Upon hearing what had happened he procured a pike pole, after some delay, and in a few moments brought the body of the unfortunate boy to the surface. He worked over the lad for some time, but all his efforts at resuscitation were in vain. Mr. Robbin's said the water was not more than three feet deep where the drowning occurred.

The blow was a severe one to the family, little Paul being the youngest of three children. Patrick Smith, father of the boy, is very low with consumption and it is feared that this sad event will hasten his death.

Funeral at 3:00 p. m., to-day.

If you wish first class carpenter work call and see me at the old reliable stand.
T. H. PURTLE.

Saturday U can buy 4 lbs. crackers & 4 lbs. ginger snaps only, at 4c lb. at Racket.

PERSONAL MENTION.

[illegible]

[illegible] day.

C. A. Backer arrived home from Boston Monday.

John Apple transacted business in Bradford Monday.

T. J. Gilbert of the Cattaraugus Star was in town Monday.

S. D. Weaver and wife spent Sunday and Monday in Kane.

Paul Hamlin took in the sights of the oil metropolis last Friday.

W. H. and Ed. Hungerford visited friends at Turtle Point Sunday.

Miss Helen Forrest returned to St. Agnes school at Albany Monday.

Misses Lucy and Nellie Backus visited Bradford friends last Friday.

Miss Lois Young returned to St. Agnes school at Albany last Monday.

Misses Marion Rose and Charlotte Bard returned to Binghamton Monday.

John Vanblad of Hazel Hurst was a guest of C. W. Lilgendahl last Sunday.

Judge Sol Ross of Wharton, Pa., was in town Wednesday greeting old friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Sartwell, of Olean spent last Sunday with C. K. Sartwell.

Mrs. Ed. Hungerford has been visiting her parents at Turtle Point during the past week.

Carl Bard and Dwight Taber of Port Allegany were in town a short time Wednesday.

Mrs. J. W. Sanborn started yesterday morning to visit her parents at Clifton Springs, N. Y.

Miss Ella Wright returned home Tuesday night from an extended visit among Renovo friends.

Mr. and Mrs. B. H. Fancher and child of Buffalo were guests of Fred Watkins over Sunday.

T. F. Quirk and Thos. Quirk of Mannington, W. Va., are visiting relatives and friends in this place.

Mesdames B. D. Hamlin and John Forrest and Miss Harriet Redfield visited Buffalo Monday.

F. N. Taylor came over from Gardeau last Tuesday and brought his mother a fine mess of trout.

Mrs. M. M. Coleman and Mrs. Dr. A. K. Corbin of Clermont visited Smethport friends last Saturday.

Prof. C. B. Kelley and E. R. Helmer of Port Allegany were in town Tuesday on their return from Kane.

Misses Bessie Scanlon and Tillie Elingfeld of Colegrove were in town visiting friends last Saturday.

Landlord E. H. Thompson of the Thompson House, at Coudersport, was a guest at the Central Tuesday night.

Thomas Cantwell of Turtle Point, who has been down at Hattiesburg, Miss., for some time, returned home last Sunday.

Judge Morrison and wife, T. D. Nash, W. A. Young, W. H. Morrison, C. A. Burdick and C. D. Comes were in Kane Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Hubbard of Kane and Mr. and Mrs. S. W. Hubbard of Newton were guests of Jas. A. McKean and wife over Sunday.

A. Hughes has resigned his position as clerk at the Henderson House, Bradford, and will make his home at the hub for some time to come.

T. F. Richmond started for Pittsburg Wednesday to attend Superior Court. From there he goes to Philadelphia where he will attend Supreme Court.

M. A. Lillibridge and C. A. Lambert of Port Allegany passed through town early Monday morning, en route to the Odd Fellows' celebration at Kane.

A. J. Wormsley accompanied his wife and little daughter as far as Buffalo last Monday on their way to Rochester, where they will visit relatives and friends.

O. J. Hamlin and G. B. Mayo drove to Olean Sunday. Mr. Hamlin was on his way to New York city to be present at the unveiling of the Grant monument.

Last Saturday Mrs. James McGuier and daughter and Mrs. T. H. Purtle and son, Frank, started for New York city to view the unveiling of the Grant monument.

E. W. Smith of Coudersport, formerly a compositor on the Enterprise but now with the New York Newspaper Syndicate, was a pleasant caller at this office yesterday.

W. I. Patterson of Syracuse, who a few years ago was instrumental in collecting the data of our excellent county history, was a pleasant caller at this office the first of the week.

Judge H. T. Reynolds of Ulysses, Potter county, was greeting old friends in town Wednesday. Old father time seems to have dealt gently with the Judge, as he is the same sprightly old gentlemen as of old.

"Charley's Aunt."

The three act farce-comedy presented at the opera house last Saturday night by home talent was a most enjoyable affair, and the large audience thoroughly enjoyed this most interesting piece from beginning to end. For amateurs each and all of them did remarkably well.

Dr. E. R. Baker's stately form as Stephen Spettigue, solicitor, was well taken and when he pursued "Charley's aunt" across the stage on a bicycle it brought forth rounds of applause. G. B. Mayo as Sir Francis Chesney gave entire satisfaction. Guy's fatherly appearance was a feature of the play. Orlo J. Hamlin, F. D. Gallup and Scott Redfield as undergraduates at Oxford, and the many escapades they managed to get into were highly pleasing. When through force of circumstances O. J. Hamlin was obliged to assume the character of Charley's aunt it brought forth continued applause. Orlo made a very lovable "aunty" and her vivaciousness charmed all the bachelors in the play, and her love scenes made it all the more interesting, although a good share of the time she was considerably hampered by her drapery. Victor Bouton as Brassett, college scout, with his mutton chop whiskers and his very dignified acting caused great merriment. Miss M. Hibbard as the real aunt rendered her part well and caused the bogus aunt endless trouble. The Misses Lucy and Nellie Backus and Emily McCoy as young ladies being entertained by the undergraduates carried out their parts with honor to themselves and pleasure to the audience. Taken altogether it was a very enjoyable affair and we voice the sentiment of the audience in thanking the company for the entertainment and hope they will soon give us another.

A Valuable Premium.

We have just completed arrangements whereby we are enabled to offer to every subscriber, or every old subscriber who pays his subscription in advance, a copy for one year of the popular paper, The Alliance. This valuable publication is a 16-page monthly, entertaining, instructive and elevating. It will interest every member of the family and there is no one who will not be made better and happier by reason of its monthly visits. Remember it is sent free for one year to every subscriber who pays his subscription in advance.

—The Pennsylvania Methodist says: "While workmen were tearing down a part of the old court house of Westmoreland county the other day a chest full of old records was unearthed and found to contain documents signed by George Washington, William Penn, King George III and other noted men."

For Rent.

A good desirable house containing 7 rooms, furnished with gas and water will be rented cheap. Fine location for a residence. Inquire of J. C. Gallup. tf

Two fine top buggies and three two-seated platform wagons for sale at reasonable rates.
T. H. PURTLE.

"Heart's Delight," is probably the only package coffee in this market that is roasted by natural gas—the only perfect fuel for roasting purposes.

Why pay $1.35 for Monarch Flour? Old Man Racket sells it at $1.15. All other grades in proportion. The best grades none better $1.35.

A. B. Armstrong & Co. guarantee the American Silver Truss to give entire satisfaction or refund money.

DeWitt's Little Early Risers,
The famous little pills.

[illegible]

[illegible]

Dr. Stearns [illegible] here, had quietly passed away [illegible] day night. She had been ailing several years and every spring when the buds blossomed and the flowers bloomed, when nature seemed strongest in her life-giving qualities, it has been a question of Mrs. Stearn's survival, being afflicted with consumption. Last fall and winter she was usually strong and her friends hoped to keep her with them another season, but the destroyer had too tenacious a grasp on the frail constitution, and she's gone. Her's was a disposition to make friends and the circle of sincere mourners here is exceptionally large. She was prominent in church work and was a member of the first Baptist church, from which denominational edifice here she was buried Wednesday, the remains being taken to Sartwell creek for interment. It would take too much of your valuable space to tell your readers of her loving disposition, her charity, her Christianity, her neighborly kindness. Life's journey is ended, she sleeps among the flowers amid the scenes of her maidenhood and the birds there are singing requiems of joy o'er the new made mound, in that though dead she still lives, the result of a life of Christian fortitude and patience.

Monday, April 26th, was the 78th anniversary of the institution of Odd Fellowship in America. The first Lodge in this country was instituted in the garret of an old public house, the Seven Stars, in the city of Baltimore, Md. It was named Washington Lodge. It is a type of the marvelous growth of benevolent societies that distinguishes the nineteenth century from any past era in the world's history. Never before have such organizations accomplished such truly noble results as in the last half of this century; and in this significant fact the lie is given to the croakers who refuse to believe that the world is steadily growing better. It has become a beacon light in countless homes of poverty, has raised the fallen, shielded the widow and saved thousands of orphans from the depth of poverty. Its influence for good upon mankind is incalculable and cannot be over estimated. The anniversary services for this district were held at Kane Monday and Noble Grand C. B. Kelley and many of the Port Allegany brethren were in attendance. This district embraces a large territory and the meeting called together a large number of the brethren among whom were many distinguished men, consequently there was a flow of oratory and a feast of good things that will keep the boys talking and thinking for the year to come.

After the defeat of the King et. al. ticket for delegates to the State convention, as an evidence of fraternal good feeling Chet sent the victors at Bradford a box of homeopathic remedies, the labels on the bottles of which would kill you to read. I learn that it created much merriment in that city and that the boys frequently "here's to Chet's health." It was a twenty four bottle case, but there was one receptacle empty. Chet excused the absence of the 24th bottle by saying that the bottle "contained soothing syrup for damphools and that the concoction was in such demand among his colleagues that he could not possibly spare them." Chet, like Josh Billings' coon, is a "cute cuss."

Four years ago at this time Democratic (?) aspirants were pawing the soil in their efforts to find a port hole to shove through Postmaster Mott and oust him from his position. Though the Democrats should expect it, they are not getting the same treatment. Sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander and hostilities should open about now. Yet I must concede that we are getting good postoffice service, but we don't want Democratic service when we are entitled to Republican service by right of domain. See?

George Kershner, who has been the past year in Wisconsin, where he has the superintendency of a large tannery, has returned. He expects to move his family from Port Allegany. They are among our best residents and their removal is one more notch on the score stick that counts the disadvantages caused by the change that resulted when the United States Leather trust opened its maw on our local tannery.

While Port Allegany boasts of one of the finest stone crushers in constant operation here, the street commissioner crushes a few stone on the streets every day now in the old style—a sledge. But then that makes work for the commissioner at $1 50 per day, where if he used the machine crushed stone he would soon be out of a job.

The largest trout hooked from local waters in some time was taken by young Ed. Gerwick, a twelve-year-old lad. It weighed 25 ounces and was 16 inches long. The slang phrase "she's a whale" went all right when Ed landed his trophy. It was caught below the dam and a hundred fishermen are daily looking for its mate.

Miss Nina Laymon has been very ill during the past week, but I learn that there is some improvement this Wednesday morning. The complication that caused her prostration arose through over exertion in school work, preparing for the spring examinations.

Mrs. M. C. Fields was at Olean Tuesday as a committee ordering flowers and decorations for the funeral services of Mrs. Stearns, Wednesday. There were many offerings and many pretty designs.

The new furniture men are here and carpenters and paper hangers are busily engaged in arranging the Hanlon building for the reception of the stock.

Thos. McDowell is assisting in the marking and display of the goods now arriving at the new hardware store.

George Lauer is spending a portion of the week in Buffalo on a business mission.

Messrs. C. R. Bard and Carl Wolford were Olean visitors Tuesday.

Rev. S. D. Pickett made a business trip to Buffalo Tuesday.

CLERMONT.

On Tuesday last Constable George H. Squires brought James Biegley before 'Squire Steinhauer, charged with highway robbery. He waived a hearing and was committed to the county jail for trial at the June term. He, in company with Alex Russell, (who is now in jail awaiting trial) robbed two Italians on the streets of Clermont on Thanksgiving night of $60 in money and other valuables.

The scribe who wrote for the Democrat last week from Clermont got things mixed up to some extent. He certainly could not have been on as good terms with our school marm as this scribe or he would have gotten the dates of the closing of our school more correct. They will not close for three weeks to come.

Geo. Rudolph wears one of those broad smiles on his countenance these days, all on account of the arrival of a bouncing boy at his home on Saturday last. Both mother and son are doing well.

Mrs. T. C. Wainman has a crew of men to work taking up her railroad between this place and Palmerville. This will shut off all traffic between these two points.

It looks very much as though the coal mines would not start up again this summer. This is quite an item of industry for Clermont to lose.

Several of our young lady pupils of the graded school attended the examinations at Colegrove Thursday and Friday of this week.

Mrs. Marie Thomas of Santa Anna, Cal., and Mrs. Sarah Eaton of Alfred, N. Y., Sundayed with L. Steinhauer and wife.

James McCrady has commenced the erection of a new house on his building lot recently purchased of Milo Lyman.

Mr. and Mrs. B. J. Stull, son and daughter of Farmers Valley called on L. Steinhauer and wife on Sunday last.

Mr. and Mrs. Allen Seabert from Germany are the guests of Mrs. Seabert's parents, L. Bayer and wife.

Tom Richmond of Smethport was in town a few hours between trains on Wednesday last.

F. H. Reed can now boast of as fine a horse and dray wagon as there is in town.

Hellman & Anderson are building an extensive addition to their livery barn.

Dave Schleif's best girl called on him a few days this week.

L. Steinhauer had business in Smethport on Saturday last.

FARMERS VALLEY.

Mrs. Elisabeth VanValkenburgh died here April 28, aged 88 years, 6 months and 25 days. The deceased was the youngest daughter of John and Anna C. Meracken, and was born in Indiana Co., Pa. When a child she moved to Armstrong county, living there until she arrived at womanhood, then removing to Erie county where she married Wm. D. Marsh, then studying for a physician, but who died after eight years of wedded life, leaving her a widow with one child. Afterward she married John VanValkenburgh of Benezette, Elk county. In three years her second husband died. Returning to her home at Waterford, Erie Co., she resided until 1883 when she sold her home and came to live with her only child, Mrs. E. A. Smith of Farmers Valley, where she lived until her death. She embraced religion when but 20 years of age and became a member of the United Presbyterian church. She was a life-long Christian and the kind-

[illegible] a husband, a true friend and highly respected [illegible] Five county [illegible]

[illegible] of Santa City, Cal., [illegible] of Alfred, N. Y., are guests of B. J. Stull and wife.

MT. ALTON.

The funeral of Charles Nevers, formerly of Glen Charles but lately of Menomine, Mich., was held in the M. E. church of this place on Sunday last. The cause of his death was accidental drowning. He was a member of the I.O.O.F., which order had charge of the funeral service.

Several of our townsmen have discovered the fact that a few coats of paint will improve the looks of a building. If others in the town would discover the same thing it would give our town a much more thrifty appearance

The grammar school closed on Thursday last after a very successful term. Miss Fitzpatrick seems to have given universal satisfaction.

Mr. Allen of Bradford, agent for the E. S. D. of H., was circulating among the people of Alton on Monday of this week.

Michael Ryan is making some much needed improvements around his house, in the shape of walks and fences.

John O'Connor attended the I. O. O. F. convention held in Kane on Monday of this week.

Miss Margaret Crocker visited at North Road Friday and Saturday of last week.

Rev. J. H. Crocker had business in Bradford one day this week.

A. Keesler had business in Bradford on Monday of this week.

Mrs Allen of Cuba, N. Y., is visiting her sister, Mrs. Aldrich.

It Pays.

Boys, the writer knows this to be true. Several years ago a young man in the interior of Iowa wanted to go into business. He had money to pay for part of the goods needed, and wanted to buy as many more on short time. The wholesale man he wished to buy of had the reputation of being a difficult man to deal with. He visited him and laid the matter before him. "Well," he said, "I shall have to consider that before giving you an answer; but let me offer you a drink," pointing to a side board filled with the choicest wines and other liquors kept in his private office. "No thank you," said the young man, "I never drink liquors of any kind." The gentleman frowned and urged him to taste some especially nice wine. The young man replied: "I dislike very much to offend you, sir, but I have promised my mother never under any circumstances, to touch wine, have never broken my word to her, and cannot now." "Young man," said the merchant turning suddenly and embracing him, to his great astonishment, "you can have all the goods you wish, and need pay no money down if it is not convenient." It is needless to say that the young man has prospered in his business and has led a happy, useful life. It pays! —The Gatling Gun.

Lecture on Greece.

Famous Places and Art, Mrs. Sarah A. Scull, at the opera house Smethport, Tuesday evening, May 4.

The object of the lecture will be to present in popular form the contemporaneous development of Greek religion (Mythology), historic events and sacred art.

The lecture will be copiously illustrated by finely lighted screen pictures. The subjects for the pictures are selected from photographs taken by Miss Scull in Greece and in the art museums of Rome, Naples, Paris and London; this large number is increased by valuable subjects from the collections of Columbia and Yale universities.

The illustrations will be under the management of Rev J. W. Sanborn.

Tickets can be had at Armstrong's, McCoy's and Wells' drug stores.

Here is a pointer for any of our readers who may be troubled with paralysis. Mr. E. M. Frye, a prominent merchant of [illegible], Westmoreland county, Pa., says one of his customers who had walked with a crutch for two years, owing to partial paralysis, was cured by using Chamberlain's Pain Balm. The man has fully recovered and is now working in the mines. Pain Balm is also famous for its cures of rheumatism. One application relieves the pain. For sale by A. B. Armstrong & Co.

Notice.

At a meeting of the Smethport Gas Co., held this day it was resolved to reduce its rates as follows: That from and after the first day of June 1897, instead of the present discount, the discount upon rates paid monthly in advance shall be 20 per cent off and upon rates paid quarterly 25 per cent.

D. C. YOUNG, President.
W. D. GALLUP, Secretary.
Smethport, Pa., April 20, 1897.

English Spavin Liniment removes all hard, soft or calloused lumps and blemishes from horses, blood spavins, curbs, splints sweeney, ring-bone, stifles, sprains, all swollen throats, coughs, etc. Save $50 by use of one bottle. Warranted the most wonderful blemish cure ever known. Sold by A. B. Armstrong, Druggist, Smethport, Pa.

Hotel For Sale.

Larrabee House at Larrabee, Pa. This is one of the best locations in McKean county at junction of W. N. Y. & P. R'y. License will be transferred to right man. Call or write at once if you want a bargain.
M. L. ARMSTRONG,
Smethport, Pa.

Incontinence of water during sleep stopped immediately by Dr. E. Detchon's Anti Diuretic. Cures children and adults alike. Price $1. Sold by A. B. Armstrong & Co., Smethport, Pa.

The finest of room moulding 50 varieties to select from. Call on L. Koenig Water street.

Re-Opened.

EXCELSIOR MARBLE & GRANITE WORKS.

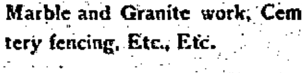
Is now ready for business and prepared to fill all orders for Marble and Granite work, Cemetery fencing, Etc., Etc.

Works Cor. Franklin & Water Sts.,
Smethport, Pa.

P. O.--LARABEE, PA.

COMING IN MAY

FREE EYE EXAMINATION.



Tears Without Grief,
Do you shed them?

Can you read fine print without shedding tears? Do your eyes ache when you read by lamp light? Does the wind or a long light cause them to water? If your sight is defective we can help you. We can tell you precisely how to correct the defect which your eyes suffer.

Prof. HOUSEWORTH,
Eye Specialist,
Formerly with Queen & Co., Phila.
At the store of
M. L. ARMSTRONG,
Smethport, Pa.

One Minute Cough Cure, cures.
That is what it was made for.

MASON'S

RACKET ANNEX.

Wringers,	$1.20	
Copper Boilers,	1.75	
Tin Boilers, Copper Bottom,	.75	and 80
Copper, Nickle Plated, Tea Kettles	.80	
Six quart Milk Pans,	.56	dozen
Ten " Pails	.15	
12 " "	.20	
14 " "	.25	
12 " Galvanized Pails	.15	
Spring Steel Harrows	10.00	
Stove Pipe	.10	joint
5, 6 and 7 inch Elbows	.05	
Dash Board Lanterns	.50	
500 square feet Building Paper	.30	
8 inch files	.05	
100-Piece Dinner Set,	5.00	
12-Piece Toilet Set	3.75	
Buck Saws	.35	
4-Tined Manure Forks	.35	
5 " " "	.45	
6 " " "	.50	

Remember these goods are first-class goods at Racket prices.

Mason's Hardware.

TRADE AT FORD'S IT PAYS.

The Wild Flowers That Bloom in The Spring.

Are not more attractive than the ready to wear clothing that is piled high on the shelves and tables in our store. The cream of this season's make, bought at a close figure and marked at a price that will win your approval.

Spring suits, overcoats, hats and furnishing goods, the stylish correct kind. They are all here and only await your pleasure. Come in and see the new goods the first time you visit Olean.

FORD'S RED FRONT,

158 Union Street,

OLEAN, - - - - N. Y.

G. & J. TIRES

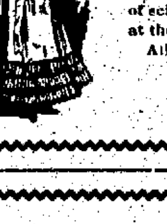
Such as are put on

Ramblers

give no trouble. No pasting to hold them on; no strings to lace up; no plugs to blow out. Do not creep, and cut the valves off. Rims do not blow off. So simple a child can repair a puncture.

F. C. PIERCE,
Rambler Agent, Smethport, Pa.

PRETTY TEETH



Are as essential to the beauty of every woman as they were to her Greek ancestors. Bad teeth would would make even Venus herself homely.

I can make your teeth beautiful, or make you a beautiful set of teeth, which ever is necessary. Years of experience, improved methods and the constant care and attention devoted to all branches of scientific dentistry enables me to do the best work at the least cost.

All work bears a personal guarantee from me.

Dr. F. C. Pierce,
Smethport, Pa.

COLUMBIA BICYCLES,

1897 Models, 5 per cent. Nickel-Steel Tubing, Standard of the World, have no equal, $100.

1896 COLUMBIAS,

Models 40, 41 and 44, known everywhere and have no superior except to 1897 Columbias,	$75
Model 42, 26-inch wheels,	$65

Hartford Bicycles,

Patterns 7 and 8 reduced from	$75 to $60
Patterns 9 " 10 " "	60 " 55

Equal to any bicycles made except Columbia.
We ask experts to examine them piece by piece.

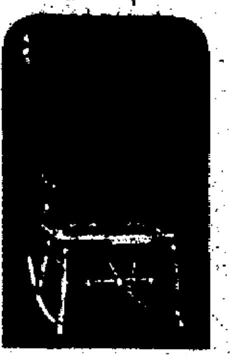
OTHER HARTFORDS, $50, $45, $40.

SOME SECOND-HAND BICYCLES AT BARGAINS.

M. L. ARMSTRONG, Agent,
Smethport, Penn'a

Ice Cream Soda at

Brasted's



THIS WEEK

we will talk with U on the

FURNITURE LINE.

We R offering $10 set chairs at $6.25. These R fine & elegant No. 1 goods.

Rockers, all wood, great bargins at 98c.

Cane seat Rockers, $1.40 & $2.

Wood kitchen chairs $2.34 set 6 up to $5.

Children's Rockers, high chairs and nursery chairs.

Oh, my! just think on't—a $25 3-piece bedroom suit $16.83, & a $30 antique oak set at $19.96.

Xtention table, 6 feet, $4.85 & $6.

Bamboo table $1.10 to $1.30.

Bamboo Easels 65c. to $1.35.

Screens just received.

Bamboo Palm stand, usually sells at $2.25, our prices $1.57.

Bamboo umbrella rack $2, our price $1.25.

We have a great bargin in wall clothes racks, price $1.25. We can sell them 2 U at 40c each.

Another wheel barrow load of beds this week. Come early; they wil not last long; Man'f'r closing out at half price; our price will B from $1.60 to $5 each.

I will have to apologis 2 U for the li I told U about our coffee The temptation was 2 great. We promised U coffee at 14c lb. This would have left me a profit of about 10 per ct. & as soon as the old regulars spied out our ad, out came their shingle at 13½c. Howly Moses, who could have stood this pressure without going them 1 better. Well I hung out my shingle at 12c & I have C or heard no kick since. The man'f'r looses on this coffee & so do we.

Genuine Erie onion sets 14c qt. or 2 for 25c. Others sell the inferior Southern sets at 10c qt.

A. E. STICKLES,

The Racket Man

SPRAGUE BLOCK,

Smethport.

Leonard Koenig,

located near the creamery, is prepared to do all kinds of

PAINTING

AND

DECORATING.

PAPER HANGING—

Always done neatly and artistically. Latest styles of paper constantly on hand from which to make your selections.

PROMPTNESS

Is a feature which characterizes this establishment. Give me a call. I shall be pleased to serve you to your entire satisfaction.

Smethport, - Penna.

ORLO L. BARD

East Smethport

(Successor to M. N. Allen,)

Keeps in stock a fine line of

GROCERIES
PROVISIONS
TOBACCO
and CIGARS.

Fresh Fruit

OF ALL KINDS CONSTANTLY ON HAND.

Canned Fruit

OF EVERY KIND A SPECIALTY.

Be Sure To Call.

Wanted—An Idea [illegible]

DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve
Cures Piles, Scalds, Burns.

A SILENT WITNESS.

[Continued from first page.]

"Oh, my God!" he sobbed. "My God, my God!"

"Oh, don't, Isaac; don't!" Abbie put her hand upon his head as if he had been her boy. "Your mother was as happy as could be. She was happy to die. We buried her yesterday."

How could she tell him that his mother had died of grief—too sorely smitten to bear it—for his sake?

But Isaac's head rose and fell—rose and fell rhythmically between his hands. His breath came in low groans, like that of an animal smitten dead by a cruelly heavy load.

"She sent her love before she passed away. She wanted you to come back to the farm as soon as you could. She believed in you, Ikey, even if you were in prison. She said Paul was in prison and that it was a terrible mistake. She knew your father's son would not depart from his God!"

As Abbie uttered this simple confession of country faith the pitiful man lifted up his eyes from the tiled floor and looked at her gratefully. His dry lips moved and he tried to speak.

"Yes," was all he said, with fierce humility. Then the lack of breath choked him.

"She made me promise not to give you up and to come and see you. Of course you are innocent, Ikey?" Abbie did not look at him.

"Yes," he answered mechanically.

"I know," she said softly.

Of what use were more words? They would only beat like waves against the granite of his broken heart. The two sat silent for a time. Then Abbie said, "I must go." She edged a little toward him and touched his coat.

"When will you come out? I will explain it all to the minister and the neighbors. We will be married as soon as you come home. She wanted us to. Oh, Ikey! Oh, Ikey! My poor, poor boy!"

Isaac arose unsteadily. It was time for her to go, for the turnkey had nodded to him.

A fierce, mad indignation at his fate and what it had wrought upon his mother and upon his honorable name blinded him. He did not even say goodby, but left the girl standing in the middle of the guardroom alone. At any cost he must get back to his cell. Supposing his mind should give way before he got there! He staggered to the stairway. He threw his hands up and groped on the railing. A blindness struck him before he had mounted two steps. He did not hear a woman's shriek, nor the rushing of feet, nor the sound of his own fall.

"She believed in you, Ikey."

When he awoke, he was alone in the witness cell, and when he put his white hands to his hair he felt that his head was shaven. The chipper prison doctor told him that he was getting nicely over a brain fever.

It was three months after this before the case of Tom Muldoon came upon the docket. The man whom the saloon keeper had shot had but just been declared out of danger and on the road to recovery.

When the case was called, the district attorney arose from his desk under the bench and represented to the court that as for some unforeseen reason the said Frank Stevens, who had been maliciously and willfully assaulted and shot by the said Tom Muldoon, has refused to prosecute, the prosecution rested upon the government, which would rely upon the direct evidence of one witness to sustain the case.

The district attorney, who was an unbought man, and whose future election depended upon the number of convictions he secured for the state, now opened his case with such decision, vigor and ministerial certainty that the policemen and other friends of the defendant began to quake for the boss of the —th ward.

"And now, your honor, I will call to the witness stand a young man of stainless life, whom the government has held as a witness since the brutal assault was committed. He is in the custody of the sheriff of the county. Isaac Masters!"

All eyes turned to the door at the left of the bench. There was a bustle of expectancy, and a pallor was upon the face of Tom Muldoon.

"Isaac Masters!" repeated the attorney impatiently. "Will the court officer produce the witness?"

The judge tapped his pencil on the desk in a nervous tattoo. Above all things, he detested delay.

"I hope your honor will grant me a moment," said the attorney, annoyed. "The witness must surely be here directly."

"It can go over"—began the judge indulgently, when he was interrupted by the entrance of the sheriff of the county himself. This man beckoned to the district attorney, and the two whispered together, with the appearance of great excitement.

"Well," said the judge, yawning, "produce your witness."

But the attorney for the government came back to his place slowly, with head bent. He was very pale and evidently much shaken. The saloon keeper's face expanded with hope as he leaned aside and whispered to a friendly ward man.

What was the evidence? Where was the witness? Silent? Why? The question flashed from face to face in the courtroom. Had he escaped, or been spirited away? Such things had been known to happen. Or had he become insane during his incarceration? Such things had been known to happen too. Gentlemen of the bar, gentlemen of the jury, sheriff of the county, judge of the superior court, where is the witness? We demand him on penalty of contempt. Contempt of you, honorable court? Contempt of court!

What? Is he not here? After all this cost to the state and to the man? Why has he not met his enforced appointment? If not here, why was the innocent witness suffocated behind bars and walls, while the murderer was free to disport himself?

"Your honor," began the attorney with white lips, "a most unfortunate occurrence has happened—one that the government truly deplores. The witness has been suddenly called away. In fact, your honor—he—in short, I have been informed by the sheriff that the witness cannot answer to the summons of the court. He is disqualified from subpœna. In fact, your honor, the witness died this morning."

The lawyer took out his handkerchief ostentatiously. He then bent to his papers with shaking hands. He looked [illegible], while the court held its breath.

"As the government is not in possession of any evidence against Muldoon, I move to nol. pros. the case."

"It is granted," said the judge with a keen glance at the bloated prisoner, whose ward men and officers of the law were already congratulating jubilantly.

"Prisoner," continued the judge, "stand up! You are allowed to go upon your own recognizance in the sum of $250."

The next case was called, a new crowd entered the vitiated room, and the court proceeded with its routine as if nothing unusual had happened.

And the silent witness has passed out of every memory but mine and that of one poor girl mourning in the New Hampshire hills.

THE END.

They Made the Turn.

"Oh, it kin be done!" said Farmer Bruce as he shifted his seat from a soap box to a backless chair just vacated. "Nobody a'most would believe it 'less he seen it."

"Don't seem posserble," said the blacksmith from his perch on the counter.

"Well, 'tis," insisted the farmer. "When I was doin a job a-draggin for Uncle Josh 'bout 30 years ago, he, bein one of them stern ole fellers, dressed me down with a hickory sprout 'cause he said I warn't lettin th' drag lap 'cordin to his orders. I was 'bout 's hot tempered as Uncle Josh an pretty soon when he was leanin over th' fence talkin to some neighbor he stopped on th' road I slips up ahind him with a board an gives him a crack that you could a-heard a quarter of a mile.

"Course he took after me, an he let out a yell that skeered th' oxen, an they went scatterin over that thar plowed field with with th' drag flouncin round like th' tail of a kite. You never see sich a doggone scamperin as they was with them two steers bellerin at every jump, Uncle Josh whoopin like mad an me a-makin short turns when he'd git too near. Finally he had to go to look after th' oxen, fur they was anchored to a stump an fillin th' air with their heels, tails an noise. I wouldn't lend no hand till he 'greed to call it all even. Then, sir, we foun th' yoke upside down an th' off ox on th' nigh side an th' nigh ox on th' off side. I could never figger out how 'twar done, but 'twar."

"I've seen it, too," said the storekeeper. "Don't know whether th' critters stan on their heads or turn summersets. But if you tie their tails together they can't make the turn."—St. Louis Republic.

Parasites In Tropic Forests.

Julian Hawthorne writes a paper describing nature in Jamaica, and this appears in The Century under the title "A Tropic Climb." Parasites of all kinds infest the tropic woods like the twisted cordage of wrecked vessels. There is a sort of silent fierceness about them that is appalling. Often you mistake them for the tree itself which they are devouring, so close and intimate is their fatal embrace. Once I saw a tree dying thus and a second parasite upon the back of the first, which it was slowly devouring. A common sight is the liana, a vegetable rope, some no thicker than whipcord, others inches in diameter. They hang straight down from unknown heights of tall trees, the same size from top to bottom and of considerable strength. I was climbing down a perpendicular cliff and had got to a point where there seemed no possibility of descending farther and still less of returning and was wondering how it would feel to drop 40 feet to the bottom of the cliff when I saw a 3 inch rope hanging down at my left hand. It was a liana. I laid hold of it and gave it a tug. It was apparently anchored fast somewhere above, and it certainly reached to the foot of the rock. It was so preternaturally convenient that I felt some suspicion of it, but there was no alternative, and I finally went down it, hand under hand, like a sailor, and got off safe.

Perfumes and Cures.

Oleaginous ointments, fragrant lotions and sweet essences were supposed to have a wonderfully healing power. The Africans inhale aromatic vapors as a cure for malignant fever, and in the time of Queen Elizabeth they were counted a preventive against the plague. It is related that "during the great plague of Marseilles four robbers invented an aromatic vinegar, by means of which they could rob the stricken without fear of infection."

On the day of Epiphany, instituted in honor of the Magi, a curious ceremony was performed, which ended by the carrying round of a chafing dish, with burning frankincense, and the odor was sniffed by the household to keep off disease.

Frankincense has superior medicinal qualities and is considered an antidote to hemlock. Avicenna, the Arabian physician, advised it as a cure for tumors, ulcers and such like. The Turks esteem a poultice made of the leaves of the jasmine a safe remedy for the bite of a snake.—London Society.

Where Paleolithic Man Lived.

Kent's cavern, near Torquay, was a famous haunt of paleolithic man and extinct animals. It has been thoroughly explored. It was at one time occupied by hyenas, lions, bears and the formidable saber toothed tiger (machairodus). A certain deposit here known as the "black band" marks the place where man used to light his fires and cook his food. He seems to have been fairly accomplished for the times in which he lived, for Mr. Pengelly says of him that "he made bone tools and ornaments, harpoons for spearing fish, eyed needles, or bodkins, for sewing skins together; awls, perhaps to facilitate the passage of the slender needle through the thick hides; pins for fastening the skins they wore, and perforated badgers' teeth for necklaces or bracelets. The different layers or strata here met with testify to various changes taking place. Below everything else was found what is called breccia—that is, a layer of angular fragments of rock—with flint implements of a rude type, suggesting that the first occupants of the cave were members of some more ancient race who were less advanced even in the primitive arts of hunting and making weapons.—Hutchinson's "Prehistoric Man and Beast."

The Birthplace of Eels.

Professor G. B. Grassi of Rome recently received the Darwin medal from the Royal society in London in recognition of his biological discoveries. "The most astonishing case," says Nature, "is that of the common eel, the development of which had been a mystery since the days of Aristotle." It was known that large eels pass from rivers into the sea, and that young eels, called in England 'elvers,' ascend rivers from the sea. But no one before Grassi had been able to find out how elvers were produced. The Italian naturalist, taking advantage of the currents near the straits of Messina, which occasionally bring to the surface inhabitants of the deep waters, discovered that the eels which pass out of rivers are not fully grown, as they had been supposed to be, but that they attain complete development after entering the sea. There their eggs are hatched, the young taking at first a larval form which is identified with leptocephalus, formerly supposed to be a distinct genus. Afterward the leptocephali undergo transformation into elvers, or young eels, in which state they quit the sea for the rivers."

A Dandy Lay Out.

Bishop Walker of western New York, formerly of North Dakota, tells some good stories about his cathedral car in the latter state. One Sunday a man who attended service in it, noticing the eagle lectern, said, "Isn't the Episcopal church patriotic?" An Englishman, however, was differently impressed, for he wrote the bishop a letter saying that he was disgusted with the "spread eagleism" of religious services in the United States. One day a negro, who looked into the car, said to the bishop, "Well, you've got a dandy lay out here." He supposed that the clerical dormitory was a new kind of gambling outfit.

DAN MITERS.

By OPIE READ.

[Copyright, 1897, by the Author.]

CHAPTER I.

Dan Miters was especially drunk. By this I mean that any other man in the village of Cane Hill might have been drunk—and indeed other men of that respectable community had been known to indulge too heartily in drink—but that Dan Miters, being the acknowledged drunkard of the place, was especially and particularly intoxicated. He was a man of acknowledged sense. He had, gossip said, as a prelude to some disparaging statement concerning his weakness, carried off the honors at a well known school. One thing was certain—he expressed himself in better language than even the county judge could hope to employ. And this, at Cane Hill, was regarded as a convincing assertion of a higher education.

Dan had first come to the village as the agent of a nursery—not that sort of a nursery which would disprove the declaration that marriage, among the poor at least, is a failure to perpetuate human misery, but as the agent of a company which had fruit trees for sale. He did not thoroughly succeed in running the gantlet of village curiosity, for villagers are critical of appearances, and a lazy lounger who sits all day at the store while his wife is taking in washing—the utterly worthless fellow who would rather wallow in the mire with a black falsehood than to recline on a velvet couch with a bright truth; who wears a filthy shirt and one "bedtick" suspender; who chews charity tobacco and spits at a knothole, which he thinks by the right of his own yellow slime he has pre-empted—that fellow will criticise the clothes and facial expression of a stranger.

Dan was criticised not only by the worthless loafer, but by the merchant and even by the faded woman who had slipped in to exchange a few eggs for a small piece of calico. They declared that Dan's hair was too red and that there were too many freckles on his face, and it was agreed that he did not dress as a gentleman should. The worthless loafer squirted at his pre-empted knothole and remarked:

"Now you're gittin right down to the squar' facts."

That was a long time ago. Dan was absorbed into the community's social system and became celebrated as the village drunkard. Previous to his achievement of this distinction, the fame had belonged to one Peter B. Rush, and it appeared that he could never be robbed of the reputation which he had laboriously acquired, but after a few years of close contest Peter B. Rush's warmest admirers were forced to acknowledge that the palm belonged to Dan Miters. What a handy man was Miters when a comparison was needed! What an encouragement to innovation! A man in speaking of some one who was stupidly influenced by liquor was no longer under the necessity of saying that he was as drunk as the disreputable canine associate of the fiddler, but simply fulfilled all demands by affirming that he was as drunk as Dan Miters.

Seriously—and unfortunately we are all compelled to be serious at times—the man of 25 whose education had not been neglected was at 45 a hopeless vagabond, with every hope trampled into the mud away down the road behind him. He did odd jobs, cleaned out cellars and cut firewood for scolding women.

One day, when he appeared to be soberer than usual, the mayor of the village thus addressed him:

"Dan, I would like to know something about your life."

"And I, sir," Dan replied, "would like to know something about my death."

"You are a funny fellow, Dan."

"No doubt of it, sir. A corpse has been known to grin."

"Come, don't talk that way. You have been here now about 20 years, and none of us knows where you were born."

"And do you really want to know where I was born?"

"Yes, I'd like to know."

"Well, sir, I was born in the night."

"There you go again. Say, do you know that if you would brace up there is yet time for you to accomplish something?"

"Yes, but you have tried and what have you accomplished?"

"Why, I own a good house and lot. I am married and have a family of interesting children."

"Is that all?"

"But isn't that enough?"

"Hardly, for you have not taught your children not to feel, and until you do this your marriage stands as a wrong. About a year ago one of your boys lost an arm at a sawmill. Weren't you the primary cause of his suffering, and is not the primary cause the meanest of all causes?"

"I won't talk to you," the mayor declared. "There is no reason in your argument and no humanity in your conclusions. But, come," he added in a softened voice, "why don't you make an effort to keep sober?"

"Because I don't want to keep sober."

"And why not?"

"Sobriety is the mother of thought."

"And you don't want to think—is that it?"

"Yes."

"And why don't you want to think? Your thoughts might amount to something. The greatest man, you know, is the greatest thinker."

"So is the greatest sufferer."

"And when you think, you suffer, eh?"

"Yes, and so do all men. Go into the library and look about you, and what do you see?"

"Books," the mayor answered.

"And what are books?"

"Gifts from superior minds," the mayor replied.

"No," said the drunkard. "They are the records of human suffering. Every great book is an ache from a heart and a pain throb from a brain. But what's the use of all this talk? What concerns me most at present is where am I going to get a drink?"

"There you go with your dogmatism."

"There you go, measuring the grains of my want in your half bushel. You don't need a drink, and you say that I don't. I would not presume to say what other men need, but it seems to be the province of all other men to dictate to me. Come, I am growing too sober and shall begin to think pretty soon. Won't you please help me out? Let me have 25 cents. You can spare it. A man who doesn't drink has but little real need for money anyway. Let me have 25 cents, and I'll do any sort of work you want me to."

"Will you help me fix up the address I've got to deliver at that political gathering?"

"Yes, I will."

"And swear that you'll never tell that you helped me?"

"Yes, I'll do that too."

"And you will draw up a paper swearing that you didn't write the address I delivered last month to the Odd Fellows? I want you to do this, for I have heard it hinted around that you had a hand in it."

"Yes, I'll do anything." Dan was about to turn away after receiving the money, when he caught sight of a woman crossing the courthouse yard. "Who is that?" he asked.

"Mrs. Burkley, the widow we have employed to teach our school," the mayor answered.

"Where did she come from?"

"From Wilson county, I believe. Did you ever meet her?"

"I think not," he said and hastened toward a doggery on the opposite side of the street.

CHAPTER II.

On a hill a short distance from the village, a hill shaded by cedar trees, was an old schoolhouse, originally made of logs, but now weatherboarded and whitewashed. The Widow Burkley had just told the children that they might go out and play until she called them, when the door was darkened by a reddish apparition. The widow uttered a befitting little shriek, and then, realizing that there was no serious cause for alarm, said, "Come in!" She would not have extended this invitation had she not wanted to set an example of courage.

Dan Miters stepped into the room. He stood for a moment looking at the widow and then said: "Don't be afraid of me. I saw you yesterday and didn't know but you"—

"Is it possible?" the woman exclaimed.

"That is what I was going to ask," Dan replied, seating himself on a bench. "Twenty years sometimes make a great change in appearance, even though hearts sometimes remain the same."

"Have you come here to reproach me? Children," she added, turning to several youngsters that showed a disposition to loiter about the door, "run along now and play."

The children vanished, and the widow, looking out to see if they were within hearing, said, "I have suffered too much to bear reproach now."

"But don't you think that you deserve reproach?" he asked.

"No. I acted as I thought best. I promised to marry you, and while you were with me you did exercise so strong an influence that I thought I loved you, but when you were gone I knew that I didn't. I saw that I was charmed by your mind, but not warmed by your heart. Another man came. He was not bright. He had many foolish words. But love is sometimes best expressed in words that are foolish. You awoke my admiration. He thrilled my heart. Then I wrote and told you not to think of me again. I was buried in the roses of my own happiness. How could I think of you?"

"And you married that man?"

"Yes."

"And were you happy?"

"For a time. Then the dew fell off the flowers. What could the flowers do but wither? We went to a distant town, and there he deserted me."

"I hope you may die the most horrible of all deaths."

"Is he still living?"

"He was hanged."

"Do you love his memory?"

"No. I have learned to think; and thought is a dagger to foolish love."

"Did you know that I was here?"

"No. Some one told me that you were lost at sea."

"Did you sorrow over the news?"

"No. I did not love you."

"Did you not hear something else?"

"Not until a year ago, and then I heard that you were alive and a hopeless drunkard."

"Weren't you moved at that?"

"I was moved with pity."

"And would your pity sink deeper into your heart if I were to tell you that I am the most hopeless of all drunkards? Look at me. Look." He opened his coat. "I have given my old shirt to a negro for a drink. Does your pity sink deeper?"

"Oh, please go away, George—go away! You distress me nearly to death. My God, I have suffered enough!"

"Ah, but not for me! You have suffered because your own heart has been wrung. You have not suffered because of my degradation and despair. Mary, you still have it in your power to save me. With your help I can kill my appetite. I can do something for us both. Be my wife and atone for the awful wreck you made years ago."

"George, I have always been true to myself. I don't love you."

"Couldn't you learn—couldn't there be progress?"

"There could be progress, but that progress would be toward hatred."

He looked at her in silence. He took up his old hat, which had been dropped on the floor, and turned it round and round in his hand. He looked down at his shoes, from which his toes protruded. He got up with a stagger, gazed at her a moment, and then an expression, not a smile, but an expression like that which follows the swallowing of a bitter draft, broke through the red stubble about his mouth. "Mrs.—I don't know your name," he began, "but Mrs. Somebody, you are the most merciless creature that ever lived."

"The children say I'm kind."

"You have the spirit of a vampire."

"The children think I have the spirit of gentleness."

"I hope you may die the most horrible of all deaths! I pray to God that you may die of hydrophobia! I implore God that a mad dog may bury his teeth in your throat!"

"Go away!" she screamed. "Come, children," she cried. "Go away from here, you monster! I hate you! I wish—but I can't think of anything horrible enough. Now go!"

* * * * * * * * *

The village was the scene of fear inspired ferment. A report that a powerful mad dog had been seen in the neighborhood was circulated by an excited farmer. The bravest of men shudder at the sight of a mad dog. Men who would fight a grizzly bear tremble if they see a mad dog. Double fastenings were put on every door. The Widow Burkley was terror stricken. She could not be induced to leave her room. Gradually the excitement died away. School was resumed, but the widow was tremulous.

She left the schoolhouse very late one evening. Two rebellious boys had been kept in. When liberated, the boys ran away. The widow tried to keep up with them. She could not. She was hurrying along the path when a man came dashing past on a horse. "Mad dog! Mad dog!" he yelled. The widow screamed and looked back. The dog was bounding toward her. She fainted. No one had the courage to look for the widow. Late at night, almost a maniac, she knocked at the door of the house where she boarded.

Morning came. A startling discovery was made. Dan and the mad dog were found lying across the path near the place where the woman had fainted. The dog's teeth were buried in Dan's throat. Dan's fingers were stiffened about the dog's neck. Both were dead.

THE END.

Rheumatism Cured in a Day.

"Mystic Cure" for Rheumatism and Neuralgia radically cures in 1 to 3 days. Its action upon the system is remarkable and mysterious. It removes at once the cause and the disease immediately disappears. The first dose greatly benefits; 75 cents. Sold by A. B. Armstrong Smethport.

Thirty years is a long time to fight so painful a trouble as piles, but Jacob Mitchell of Unionville, Pa., struggled that long before he tried DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve, which quickly and permanently cured him. It is equally effective in eczema and all skin affections. A. B. Armstrong & Co.

Croup and whooping cough are childhood's terror; but like pneumonia, bronchitis, and other throat and lung troubles, can be quickly cured by using One Minute Cough Cure. A. B. Armstrong.

Not only acute lung troubles, which may prove fatal in a few days, but old chronic coughs and throat troubles may be permanently cured by One Minute Cough Cure. A. B. Armstrong & Co.

ARCHITECTURAL ART.

Nineteenth Century Experiments and Revivals Which Have Been Fruitless.

The best that can be said of the architecture of the nineteenth century is that it has been an architecture of exceptionally learned, ingenious and accomplished individualities. It has been an art of experiments which have failed and of revivals which have been fruitless. These individualities, with their consciousness highly educated and trained, have been embarrassed rather than aided by their knowledge of the great achievements of the past. It does not seem to have occurred to them to appeal to the sympathies of the people by uttering their inspirations in the vulgar tongue, but they have labored with immense talent and ingenuity to interpret and apply dead languages. Their efforts have been reminiscent, excursive and experimental. The architects have analyzed, theorized, disputed and argued. They have formed schools conserving classic or romantic traditions—schools which have fallen apart because progress has been found to be impossible on merely archæological lines.

Many of the individualities developed under these conditions have been brilliant and powerful and have had a great following of lesser men. As the century has advanced certain of these individualities have been inspired by nobler and loftier motives. The architecture of the century, because it has been nourished in the same soil that produced the electric telegraph, the telephone and all the other triumphs of industrial art, has exhibited a certain sporadic vitality, has occasionally thrown out mighty branches full of the possibilities of a great fruition, but because it has not enjoyed the advantage of concentrated effort it has not flowered as it flowered in the thirteenth and sixteenth centuries, still less as it flowered in the ages of Pericles and Augustus.—Henry Van Brunt in Atlantic.

OUR OWN MAKE.

One Piece of Architecture That Is Far Above Comparative Criticism.

There was an air of tolerant superiority about him, which made his unfavorable comments on the things brought to his attention doubly hard to bear. His Washington host was doing his best to show him the city in such a manner as to leave a good impression, for he had announced his intention of writing a book as soon as he got back to London. But whatever he saw served only to bring to mind something in Europe that he liked better.

"Very good," he remarked as one of the department buildings was brought to his attention. "Very good in its way. But it has the defects which always result from the efforts of a mere copyist."

"We are inclined to regard that as a very handsome building," said his entertainer mildly.

"No doubt. And it does well enough. Yours is a young nation—one that cannot be expected to hold any great eminence for its achievements, either artistic or political."

"You mean that we haven't any style of our own?"

"That expresses the idea."

"You come with me. I'll show you a style of architecture that reflects the national spirit of this country, something that's our own design and that commands the respect of two continents. There it is—the Washington monument. One look at it tells the whole story, and it doesn't need any fluted columns or filigree work around the corners to make people admire it either. Upright, massive and immutable, it's the biggest thing of its kind on earth, and it means business from the ground clear up to the topmost molecule of the lightning rod."—Washington Star.

The Japanese In California.

Every month sees more Japanese arrive, and a larger percentage of them are common laborers, who enter the hop yards, orchards and sugar beet fields of California. In fruit packing they have crowded out white men and women.

They are as quick as women and girls in handling fruit and are more accurate and steadily industrious. They practically monopolize the industry of beet pulling on the large ranches devoted to the sugar beet. Complaints of the rapid displacement of white laborers by Japanese in orchard work induced the labor bureau recently to make an investigation. They found that the Japanese worked under a co-operative plan and that by this means they were able to make contracts at low prices. Several associations in San Francisco are engaged in house cleaning, dividing the profits among their members. The Japanese are doing a large trade in San Francisco in bamboo ware and matting, which are used mainly for decoration of rooms. They have cut into the Chinese trade in curios and embroidered silk garments.—Chautauquan.

Women Bank Officials.

Mrs. Sarah F. Dick has for the twenty-fourth consecutive time been chosen to the position of cashier in the First National bank of Hungtington, Ind. In the 23 years Mrs. Dick has capably filled the office she has lost but two days' time on account of illness. Besides Mrs. Dick, who is a director of the institution also, the bank has another lady director, Mrs. Frederika Drover, who for years has filled the position, taking an active interest in the affairs of the concern, which has $200,000 deposits and a capital of $100,000.

Tops are cut from pieces of box, ebony or other hard wood by a turning machine. The machine is automatic and turns the top complete from the handle at the upper end to the tip. The metal point is afterward put in by hand.

Watches were first called Nuremberg eggs. Some of them were 5 or 6 inches in diameter, as large as the small sized cheap clocks now exhibited in store windows. They were first made in 1447.

Relief in Six Hours.

Distressing Kidney and Bladder diseases relieved in six hours by the "New Great South American Kidney Cure. This new remedy is a great surprise on account of its exceeding promptness in relieving pain in the bladder, kidneys, back and every part of the urinary passages in male or female. It relieves retention of water and pain in passing it almost immediately. If you want quick relief and cure this is your remedy. Sold by A. B. Armstrong, Druggist, Smethport, Pa.

Personal.—The gentleman who annoyed the congregation last Sunday by continually coughing will find instant relief by using One Minute Cough Cure, a speedy and harmless remedy for throat and lung troubles. A. B. Armstrong & Co.

T. F. Anthony, Ex-Postmaster of Promise City, Iowa, says: "I bought one bottle of Mystic Cure for Rheumatism, and two doses of it did me more good than any medicine I ever took." Sold by A. B. Armstrong, Druggist, Smethport.

It should be made a matter of public knowledge that DeWitt's Witch Salve will speedily cure piles of the longest standing. It is the household favorite for burns, scalds, cuts, bruises and sores of all kinds. A. B. Armstrong & Co.

When the spring time comes, "gentle Annie," like all other sensible persons will cleanse the liver and renovate the system with DeWitt's Little Early Risers famous little pills for the liver and stomach all the year round.

Itch on human, mange on horses, dogs and all stock, cured in 30 minutes by Woolford's Sanitary Lotion. This never fails. Sold by A. B. Armstrong, Druggist, Smethport, Pa.

When a cold is contracted cure it at once. One Minute Cough Cure will set you on the road to recovery in a minute. It will cure pneumonia, bronchitis, croup and all forms of lung and throat trouble. A. B. Armstrong & Co.

A. B. ARMSTRONG & CO.

AMERICAN SILVER TRUSS.

Retains Severest Hernia with Comfort.

LIGHT, COOL, Easy to Wear. No pressure on Hips or Back. No understraps. Never moves.

MANUFACTURED AT 382 Main St., BUFFALO, N. Y.

Smethport, Penna.

Dealers in

Drugs, Medicines, Chemicals and Patent Medicines, Sponges, Syringes, Soaps, Combs and Brushes, Perfumery.

Physicians' Prescriptions Carefully Compounded, and all Orders Correctly Answered.

GOODS SELECTED WITH GREAT CARE, AND WARRANTED AS REPRESENTED.

STOP! READ! and REFLECT!

And then go to

BROWNELL BROTHERS,

Where you will find a carefully and well selected stock of

DRY GOODS, NOTIONS, FURNISHING GOODS, HATS, CAPS, BOOTS and SHOES.

AND A CHOICE LINE OF THE

FINEST GROCERIES

TO BE FOUND IN TOWN AT

ROCK-BOTTOM PRICES.

THE NEW-YORK WEEKLY TRIBUNE

FOR

EVERY member of EVERY family on EVERY farm, in EVERY village, in EVERY State or Territory.

FOR Education, FOR Noble Manhood, FOR True Womanhood.

IT GIVES all important news of the Nation.
IT GIVES all important news of the World.
IT GIVES the most reliable market reports.
IT GIVES brilliant and instructive editorials.
IT GIVES fascinating short stories.
IT GIVES an unexcelled agricultural department.
IT GIVES scientific and mechanical information.
IT GIVES illustrated fashion articles.
IT GIVES humorous illustrations.
IT GIVES entertainment to young and old.
IT GIVES satisfaction everywhere to everybody.

We furnish THE MINER and "N. Y. WEEKLY TRIBUNE" One Year for $1.50

CASH IN ADVANCE.

Address all orders to THE MINER.

Write your name and address on a postal card, send it to Geo. W. Best, Tribune Building, New York, and sample copy of the NEW YORK WEEKLY TRIBUNE will be mailed to you.

Smethport Mills.

Boss and Pillsbury's Flour. Feed at Lowest Prices

Shelled Corn, Buckwheat flour, Wheat, Grain, Poultry Food, Oyster shells, Oil meal for horses.

PORTER'S 0000 THE BOSS FLOUR WINONA MINN.

PILLSBURY'S BEST XXXX MINNEAPOLIS MINN.

A full line of grain of all kinds kept on hand. Can furnish refanned Oats. I invite you all to call and get prices before buying elsewhere.

Custom grinding done promptly, and all orders filled as soon as they can be.

Try Fels-Naptha Soap.

C. E. BARRETT.

Corner Mill and Mechanic Sts.

FOOTWEAR

A Large Assortment for Ladies and Gentlemen Just Received.

Try Our Shoe Dressing,

"Gilt Edge" for Ladies, "Elite" for Gentlemen.

Manufacturing and Repairing Neatly and Promptly Done.

ALBERT ANDERSON,

Callar Block, Smethport, Pa.

J. C. STULL, Farmers Valley.

New Goods! Lowest Prices!

My store is chock full of new goods and going at prices that are lower than ever before. Dry Goods, Groceries, Grain, Mill Stuff, Hardware, Gent's Furnishing Goods Boots and Shoes and all kinds of Rubber Goods. Sole agent for Snag Proof Rubber Goods in this vicinity. Your patronage solicited. Yours Truly,

J. C. Stull.

SPECHT & SASSE,

THE OLD RELIABLE

FURNITURE DEALERS,

Are better prepared than ever to fill your wants in their line. Their stock is full and complete. Their prices at rock-bottom.

Do not fail to give them a call.

UNDERTAKING IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

INSURANCE.

Life, Fire and Accident written by

W. F. SPECHT

SMETHPORT, PA

in good reliable companies.

NEW WAGON and CARRIAGE SHOP.

Having purchased the wood work department of C. W. Lilgendahl, I am prepared to do all kinds of

WAGON and CARRIAGE WORK.

CARRIAGE PAINTING done in latest style.

JOHN SERVATIUS, Smethport, Pa

Wanted—An Idea [illegible]

50 YEARS' EXPERIENCE.

PATENTS

TRADE MARKS, DESIGNS, COPYRIGHTS &c.

Anyone sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain, free, whether an invention is probably patentable. Communications strictly confidential. Oldest agency for securing patents in America. We have a Washington office. Patents taken through Munn & Co. receive special notice in the

SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN,

beautifully illustrated, largest circulation of any scientific journal, weekly, terms $3.00 a year; $1.50 six months. Specimen copies and HAND BOOK ON PATENTS sent free. Address

MUNN & CO.,

361 Broadway, New York.

FRAZER AXLE GREASE

BEST IN THE WORLD.

[illegible] GET THE GENUINE.

FOR SALE BY DEALERS GENERALLY.

UNDERTAKING AND EMBALMING

IN ALL BRANCHES PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO BY AN EXPERIENCED FUNERAL DIRECTOR.

SPECHT & SASSE,

SMETHPORT, PA.

A. T. PALMER,

Livery, Feed and Sale

STABLES.

Largest, Best Equipped and Most Complete Livery Establishment in McKean county.

Office connected with N. Y. and Pa. Telephone and Telegraph long distance lines and only one minute from Western Union and Postal Telegraph offices.

Prompt attention to all business intrusted to my care. Your patronage solicited.

INSURANCE.

Fire insurance written in the leading companies. Life and Accident Insurance in the most reliable companies of America.

PIANOS

Of the following first-class manufacturers: A. B. Chase, Bush & Gertz, Malcom Love and Woodward & Brown, sold for cash or on installments.

ORGANS

Of the very best makes, sold for cash or on installments, at reduced prices.

SEWING MACHINES.

Will sell Domestic and Wheeler & Wilson machines hereafter for cash at a

Reduction of $25 00

from the list price of such machine, at my store. Now avail yourselves of this grand offer.

Piano and Organ Instruction Books, Sheet Music, Needles, Oil and all kinds of Fixtures for all kinds of Sewing Machines. Mail orders will receive prompt attention.

C. A. BURDICK.

Salesroom, Reilly Block, Smethport, Pa.

THIS MEANS YOU.

Do you own horses or cattle? Pulsifer's Veterinary Medicines for horses and cattle are warranted to substantiate each claim made for them. Your dealer is authorized to refund the money in every instance of failure to effect a cure of any disease specified on our labels, if used according to directions. You don't risk a cent by a trial. What more can you ask?

PULSIFER'S COLIC CURE.

This preparation is offered to the public as a portable, harmless, yet certain substitute for the old-fashioned bulky remedies heretofore employed in the treatment of that most dangerous disease—COLIC. A syringe for administering the dose accompanies each bottle, and the whole pack are so compact that it can be easily carried in the pocket. The price at which it is sold is much lower than any other colic cures on the market, thus reducing the actual cost of curing a case of colic to five or ten cents. The dose is only thirty drops, given without diluting.

You can't fool with colic nor waste time hunting up medicines. Veterinaries can't always be found, when wanted, nor are drug stores always open. Pulsifer's colic cure is all the veterinary or drug store you need. It should be kept in the stable ready for use.

There is more fatality among horses from colic than from every other cause. Unless some immediate relief is afforded the chances for recovery are slight. Inflammation sets in, resulting almost inevitably in death. Pulsifer's colic cure never fails to cure Spasmodic, Flatulent Colic, or Stoppage of the Water, if treatment is begun within one hour of the first attack. It has often cured where no relief has been given for hours. Pulsifer's colic cure avoids delays. Delays mean dead horses. Horses cost money. A concise manual describing the symptoms of the ordinary diseases to which the horse is subject, together with the simple method of treating the same. Mailed to any address on receipt of two-cent stamp.

All of Pulsifer's medicines are for sale by A. T. Palmer at his livery, feed and sale stable Smethport, Pa.

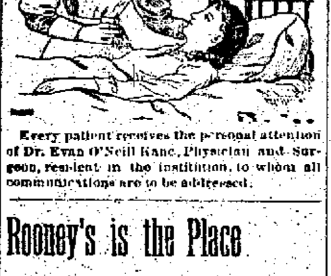
Mention the *Miner* when writing or calling.

SANITARIUM

KANE SUMMIT HOSPITAL

KANE, PA.

FOR ACCIDENTS AND GENERAL SICKNESS, SURGICAL INJURIES



Every patient receives the personal attention of Dr. Evan O'Neill Kane, Physician and Surgeon, resident in the institution, to whom all communications are to be addressed.

Rooney's is the Place

to buy a nice, sweet piece of

Fresh, Salt or Smoked MEAT

whether it be a full quarter or a small steak. And for

Fruit and Vegetables

I am always headquarters.

J. F. ROONEY, Smethport, Pa.

CHARLES LEMMLER

MANUFACTURER OF

Light and Heavy Harnesses,

AND DEALER IN

Dusters, Whips, Trunks Traveling Bags, etc.

The Celebrated Stock Food and Hoof Dressing constantly on hand.

Everything is up to date, and new work and repairing done neatly and promptly.

Call and be Convinced.

PATENTS

Caveats, and Trade-Marks obtained and all Patent business conducted for MODERATE FEES.

OUR OFFICE IS OPPOSITE U. S. PATENT OFFICE and we can secure patent in less time than those remote from Washington.

Send model, drawing or photo., with description. We advise, if patentable or not, free of charge. Our fee not due till patent is secured.

A PAMPHLET, "How to Obtain Patents," with cost of same in the U. S. and foreign countries sent free. Address,

C. A. SNOW & CO.

OPP. PATENT OFFICE, WASHINGTON, D. C.

EMIL THAMM,

TAXIDERMIST.

Birds and Animals finely Stuffed and Mounted.

Manufacturer of Fine Cigars.

NOTICE.

To Commissioners and supervisors of McKean and adjoining counties. I am now prepared to furnish iron and steel bridges of any size or duplicate any bridge, do stone work and complete entire structure. Will furnish plans and specifications on application.

A. REILLY, Contractor, Smethport, Pa.

TRAVELER'S GUIDE

TIME TABLE

WESTERN NEW YORK PENNSYLVANIA

In effect April 18, 1897.

Trains leave Smethport for Larrabee, Eldred, Olean, Bradford, Rochester and Buffalo as follows:

Buffalo Express, daily except Sunday 9:30 a. m.
*Buffalo Mail, daily except Sunday, 2:36 p. m.
*Train leaving Smethport 2:36 p. m. connects at Olean with River Division for Allegany, Salamanca, Oil City and Pittsburg.

For Clermont, and points south

*Clermont Local, daily ex Sunday 6:20 a. m.
Clermont Acc'ton daily ex Sunday 12:11 p. m.
Clermont Acc'ton daily ex Sunday 7:15 p. m.
*Clermont Local connects through to Johnsonburg.

For Larrabee, Port Allegany, Coudersport and points south:

Mail, daily ex Sunday 11:00 a. m.
Mail, daily ex Sunday connects at Emporium for Philadelphia 6:20 p. m.

Get Time Tables giving full information from A. R. Workes, Ticket Agent,
R. Bell, General Sup't,
J. A. Fellows, Gen. Pass'r, & T'k. Ag't,
General offices Mooney Brisbane Bldg, Cor. Main and Clinton st. Buffalo N. Y.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

PHILADELPHIA & ERIE DIVISION TIME TABLE. In effect Nov. 15, 1896.

TRAINS LEAVE EMPORIUM JUNCTION EASTWARD.

4:26 a. m.—Train 8, daily except Sunday, for Sunbury, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 6:23 p. m., New York 9:23 p. m., Baltimore 6:00 p. m., Washington 7:15 p. m. Pullman Parlor car through from Williamsport and passenger coaches from Kane to Philadelphia.

3:18 p. m.—Train 6, daily except Sunday, for Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 4:30 a. m., New York 7:33 a. m. Pullman sleeping cars from Harrisburg to Philadelphia and New York. Philadelphia passengers can remain in sleeper undisturbed until 7:30 a. m.

9:00 p. m.—Train 4, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and intermediate stations arriving at Philadelphia 6:52 a. m., New York 9:33 a. m., week days (10:38 a. m. Sundays) Baltimore 6:20 a. m., Washington 7:40 a. m. Pullman sleeping cars from Erie and Williamsport to Philadelphia and passenger cars from Erie to Philadelphia, and Williamsport to Baltimore. Passengers in sleeper for Baltimore and Washington will be transferred into Washington sleeper at Harrisburg.

WESTWARD.

7:05 a. m.—Train 1, daily except Sunday for Ridgway, DuBois Clermont and intermediate stations, leaves Ridgway 3:10 p. m. for Erie.

10:35 a. m.—Train 3, daily for Erie and intermediate stations.

6:05 p. m.—Train 11 daily except Sunday Kane and intermediate stations.

THROUGH TRAINS for EMPORIUM JUNCTION FROM THE EAST AND SOUTH.

Train 1 leaves Renovo 6:05 a. m., daily except Sunday, arriving at Emporium Jc. 7:26 a. m.

Train 11 leaves Philadelphia 8:30 a. m., Washington 7:50 a. m., Baltimore 8:50 a.m., Wilkesbarre 10:15 a. m., daily except Sunday, arriving at Emporium Junction 6:05 p. m. with Pullman Parlor car from Philadelphia to Williamsport and passenger coaches to Kane.

Train 3, leaves New York 8:00 p. m., Philadelphia 11:20 p. m., Washington 10:40 p. m., Baltimore 11:50 p. m., daily arriving at Emporium Junc. 10:25 a.m., with Pullman Palace sleeping cars from Philadelphia to Erie and from Washington and Baltimore to Williamsport and passenger coaches from Philadelphia to Erie.

JOHNSONBURG RAILROAD.

Daily except Sunday.

NORTH A. M. Lv.	STATIONS.	SOUTH Ar. A. M.
9.20	Ridgway	12.05
9.31	Johnsonburg	11.41
9.45	Bendigo	11.37
9.55	Glen Hazel	11.22
10.06	Straight	11.10
10.11	Instanter	11.05
10.18	Smith's Run	10.54
10.27	Woodvale	10.41
10.35	Clermont	10.40

Connections are made with train 1, leaving Johnsonburg at 3:37 p. m. for Erie and intermediate points, arriving at Erie at 8:00 p. m. also at Ridgway with train 6, leaving Ridgway at 2:30 p. m. for Philadelphia, New York, Baltimore and Washington.

J. B. HUTCHINSON, General Manager. J. R. WOOD, Gen'l Passenger Agt.

Buffalo, Rochester & Pittsburgh Railway

THE SHORT LINE.

On and after Aug. 10, 1896, passenger trains between, Buffalo, Rochester, Salamanca, Bradford, Ridgway, DuBois, Punxsutawney and the Coal and Lumber Regions of Pennsylvania will leave Bradford and Mt. Jewett daily except Sunday, as follows:

LEAVE BRADFORD—EAST-BOUND.

7.45 a. m.—Buffalo & Rochester Express—For Salamanca, Ellicottville, Springville, Colden, Buffalo, Machias, Gainesville, Silver Springs, Warsaw, LeRoy and Rochester.

2:30 p. m.—Mail—For Salamanca, Ellicottville, Springville, Colden, Buffalo, Machias, Gainesville, Silver Springs, Warsaw, LeRoy, and Rochester.

4.50 p. m.—Buffalo Express—Daily. For Limestone, Carrollton, Salamanca, Ellicottville, Springville, Colden and Buffalo.

LEAVE MT. JEWETT—SOUTH-BOUND.

8.02 a m.—Accommodation—For Johnsonburgh Ridgway, Brockwayville, DuBois and Punxsutawney

2:00 p. m.—Mail—For Johnsonburg, Ridgway, Brockwayville, DuBois and Punxsutawney.

Thousand Mile Tickets, good for passage between all stations, at two cents per mile.

Passengers are requested to purchase tickets before entering the cars. An excess charge of TEN CENTS will be collected by Conductors when fares are paid on trains, from all stations where a Ticket Office is maintained.

For time tables and full information call on or address any of the Company's agents, or

L. B. McINTYRE, Agent Bradford, Pa.
EDWARD C. LAPEY, Gen'l Passenger Agent Rochester, N Y

BUFFALO & SUSQUEHANNA R. R.

TIME TABLE.

Took effect Monday, June 15th, 1896.

1	3	5	STATIONS.	2	4	6
a m	p.m	p.m.	Ar. Dp.	a.m.	p.m.	p.m.
8:55	2:20	7:39	Keating	9:10	2:45	7:50
8:35	2:02	7:19	Cowley Junc.	9:25	2:52	8:06
8:25	1:50	7:00	Austin	9:40	3:06	8:20
.....	1:37	6:59	Costello	9:44	3:13	.....
.....	1:26	6:48	Wharton	10:06	3:25	.....
.....	1:17	6:38	Logue	10:08	3:34	.....
.....	1:10	6:27	Hull	10:22	3:47	.....
.....	12:45	6:06	Cross Fork Jc	10:45	4:10	.....
.....	12:37	5:31	Germania	11:22	4:40	.....
.....	12:00	5:25	Galeton	11:30	4:56	.....
.....	10:45	4:23	Gaines	2:20	6:40	.....
.....	10:10	3:50	Ansonia	3:45	6:56	.....
	a. m.	p.m.	Dp. Ar.	p.m.	p.m	
a m	a.m	p.m.	Cross Fork Br.	a. m.	p m	p m
7:10	12:45	4:00	ar Cr F'k Jc dp	10:50	1:00	6:10
6:10	11:55	3.00	dp Cross F'k ar	11:40	2:00	7:10

H. Hutchinson, Train Master. C. W. Goodyear, Gen'l Manager.

COUDERSPORT & PORT ALLEGANY Railroad Time Table, takes effect Monday Nov. 4, 1895.

AR. EASTW'D.			STATIONS.	L'V WESTW'D		
A.M	A M	P.M.		A.M.	P.M.	A.M
...	7.30	2.10	Ulysses	7.43	2.30	9.40
...	7.21	2.00	Crowell's	7.51	2.40	10.04
...	7.16	1.53	Perkins	7.54	2.45	10.10
...	7.13	1.50	Newf'ld Junc't	7.57	2.50	10.15
...	7.06	1.42	Gold	8.04	2.56	10.30
...	7.01	1.38	Raymond's	8.07	2.60	10.34
...	6.50	1.21	Seven Bridg's	8.10	3.11	10.50
...	6.46	1.20	Colesburg	8.21	3.15	10.55
...	6.40	1.14	Frink's	8.28	3.22	11.05
...	6.30	1.00			3.40	11.30
3.55	7.30	12.55	Coudersport	8.45	4.17	1.30
3.40		12.51	Hammond			1.35
3.43			Fish Basket			1.42
3.39	7.52	12.40	Olmsted	8.51	5.20	1.44
3.34	7.46	12.41	Mina	8.55	5.24	1.50
3.25		12.34	Knowlton		5.30	
3.21	7.38	12.29	Roulette	9.05	5.34	2.14
3.12	7.31	12.22	Burtville	9.15	5.43	2.29
3.05		12.17	Coleman		5.47	
3.00	7.20	12.12	Port Allegany	9.24	5.50	2.35
P.M.	P.M.	P.M	Dep't. Arrive	A.M.	P.M.	P.M

Trains run on eastern standard time.

B. A. McCLURE, Sup't.

Bradford, Bordell and Kinzua R. R. Co.

Time Table taking Effect Jan. 1st, 1894.

LEAVE SMETHPORT.

8:10 A. M.—Mail and Express, daily except Sunday, for Ormsby Junction, Simpson, Bradford, Mt. Jewett and Kane connecting with P. & W. Ry. for Foxburg, Butler and Pittsburg.

10:00 A. M.—Daily except Sunday for Ormsby Junction, Simpson, Bradford, Mt. Jewett and Kane.

5:10 P. M.—Mail and Express, daily except Sunday, for Ormsby Junction, Simpson, Bradford, Mt. Jewett and Kane connecting at Kane with P. & K. train 4 for Wilcox, Johnsonburg, Ridgway, Emporium, Harrisburg, Baltimore, Washington and Philadelphia—and at Bradford with Erie R. R. train 30 for Salamanca, Olean, Hornellsville, Elmira and New York.

Trains arrive at Smethport, daily except Sunday, at 9:25 a. m., 4 p. m. and 6:45 p. m.

JNO. C. McKENNA, Gen. Pas. Agent, Bradford, Pa.

ST. MARYS & SOUTHWESTERN R. R.

To take effect at 7 o'clock a.m., Monday, August 17, 1896.

South			Stations		North	
1:15	......		Clermont		12:00	......
1:20	......		Clermont Tank		12:25	......
1:46	......		Wildwood		11:57	......
1:58	......		North Fork		11:45	......
2:10	......		Kay Fork		11:33	......
2:19	......		Gray Gables		11:30	......
2:30	......	Ar	St. Marys	Lv	11:14	......
2:35	7:40	Lv		Ar	10:55	6:15
2:38	7:43		Kaul		10:50	6:12
2:45	7:5-		Deisch		10:42	6:00
2:50	7:55		Groll		10:37	5:55
2:57	8:03		Gillen		10:29	5:49
3:01	8:07		Paine		10:25	5:44
3:06	8:11		Centreville		10:20	5:40
3:10	8:15		Dagus Crossing		10:15	5:27
3:18	8:24		Shelvey Summit		10:07	5:20
3:23	8:29		Cuneo		9:58	5:14
3:27	8:33		Thompson		9:53	5:10
3:31	8:37		Curry		9:48	5:07
3:37	8:42		Brandy Camp		9:41	5:02
3:40	8:47		Elton		9:34	5:00
3:45	8:50		Hyde		9:29	4:44
4:05	9:01		Shawmut		9:15	4:35
p.m	a.m.				a.m	p.m

BLACKSMITHING!

The subscriber has purchased the blacksmith shop recently occupied by Charles Kreuger, on Mechanic street, near Gifford's saw-mill, where he is prepared to do first-class blacksmithing, including

HORSESHOEING.

Satisfaction guaranteed. He also manufactures

SLEIGHS.

Can Cure all Ordinary Lameness in Horse's Feet and Legs.

CHAS. W. LILGENDAHL.

Smethport, Aug. 6th, 1896.